



No.42

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



ACTION COMICS

NOV.

10¢



SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

ALWAYS ON THE ALERT TO HELP SOMEONE IN NEED IS **SUPERMAN**, AMAZING MAN OF STEEL. WHEN A NUMBER OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL INTELLECTUALS SUDDENLY VANISH FROM SIGHT, HE HAS EVIDENCE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE IN NEED OF HIS AID, AND WHEN HE RESPONDS HE HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA OF THE STRANGE SERIES OF STARTLING ADVENTURES THAT LIE AHEAD!

A SERIES OF STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES OF PROMINENT MEN PUZZLES THE CITIZENS OF METROPOLIS...



CARL BRANSOM, LECTURER, SCIENTIST, DOESN'T SHOW UP AT A MEETING...



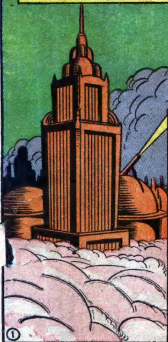
NICK FLAHERTY'S CAR IS FOUND SMASHED, BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE FAMOUS WRITER...



POLITICAL BOSS JOHN STANDING DOESN'T RETURN HOME...

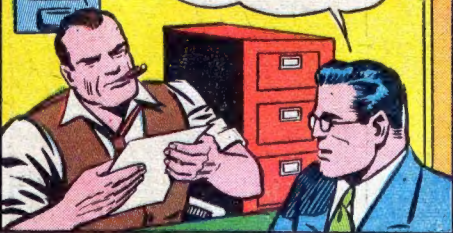


CAPITALIST FREEMAN CHASE FAILS TO APPEAR AT A BOARD MEETING...



CLARK, THIS ARTICLE YOU WROTE INTERESTS ME!

IT'S MY CONTENTION, CHIEF, THAT THESE MEN AREN'T THE VICTIMS OF AN ORDINARY KIDNAPPING BECAUSE THO THEY'VE BEEN MISSING FOR WEEKS, NO RANSOM NOTES HAVE BEEN RECEIVED.



YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, CLARK, AND IF YOU CAN GET AT THE TRUTH, WE'D HAVE A REALLY IMPORTANT STORY!

A NEWS FLASH ON THE TELETYPE!



CARL BRANSON'S FAMILY HAVE RECEIVED A RANSOM DEMAND FOR \$50,000!

THAT KIND OF KNOCKS MY THEORY INTO A COCKED HAT... BUT I'LL COVER THIS LEAD!



BUT WHEN CLARK REACHES THE BRANSON RESIDENCE...

SORRY... NO REPORTERS ARE BEING ADMITTED!

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE US!

CASEY'S IN THERE! IF WE ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS BEING SAID!



("BUT I CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THE HOUSE! MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING HAS COME IN HANDY MORE THAN ONCE!-")



WHAT KENT OVERHEARS...

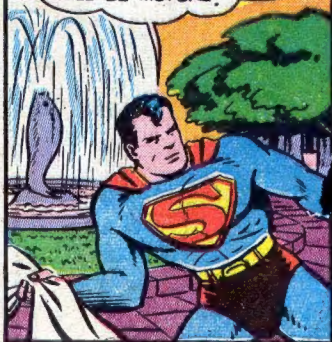
I INSIST THAT I BE PERMITTED TO PLACE THAT \$50,000 UNDER THE CAREY BRIDGE! MY HUSBAND'S SAFETY COMES FIRST!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MRS. BRANSON, BUT THOSE KIDNAPPERS WON'T KEEP THAT MONEY LONG IF I CAN HELP IT!



LATER... THE MEER REPORTER REMOVES HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS, TRANSFORMING HIMSELF TO DYNAMIC SUPER-MAN!

MEETING THAT KIDNAPPER IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE— BUT I DOUBT IF THE FEELING WILL BE MUTUAL!



IN A GREAT LEAP THAT CARRIES THE MAN OF STEEL HIGH INTO THE CLOUDS, SUPERMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO THE RENDEZVOUS....

CAREY BRIDGE, EH? I SEEM TO RECALL A CERTAIN LARGE TREE NEAR IT THAT OUGHT TO PROVE A PERFECT HIDING-PLACE!

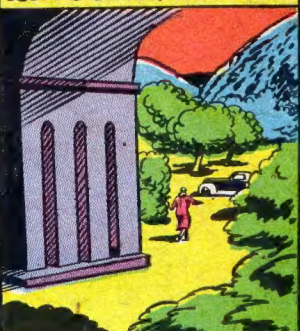


ALIGHTING ON A HIGH LIMB, SUPERMAN MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE....



NOW TO WAIT!

UNDER THE MAN OF STEEL'S SURVEILLANCE, MRS. BRANSON PLACES A SMALL SATCHEL BENEATH THE BRIDGE, THEN JUST AS SWIFTLY HURRIES OFF.



SHORTLY AFTER, A HARD-FACED INDIVIDUAL DRIVES UP AND ANNEXES THE SUIT-CASE....



GOOD... I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T DARE REFUSE!

BUT AS THE MAN DRIVES OFF WITH THE LOOT, SUPERMAN LEAPS DOWN AFTER HIS CAR...



HERE'S WHERE WE GET ACQUAINTED!

SEIZING THE AUTO'S REAR BUMPER, SUPERMAN DRAGS IT TO A STOP....



THIS IS MORE FUN THAN BULLDOGGING A STEER!

EASILY, HE KICKS THE REAR TIRES CLEAR OFF...

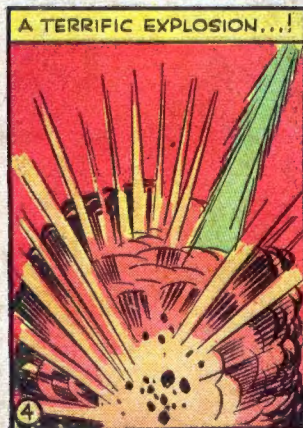
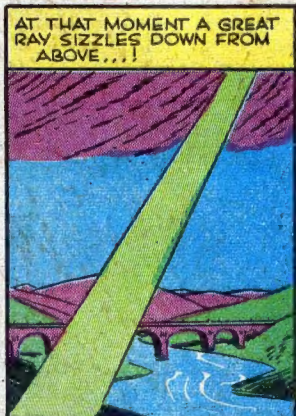


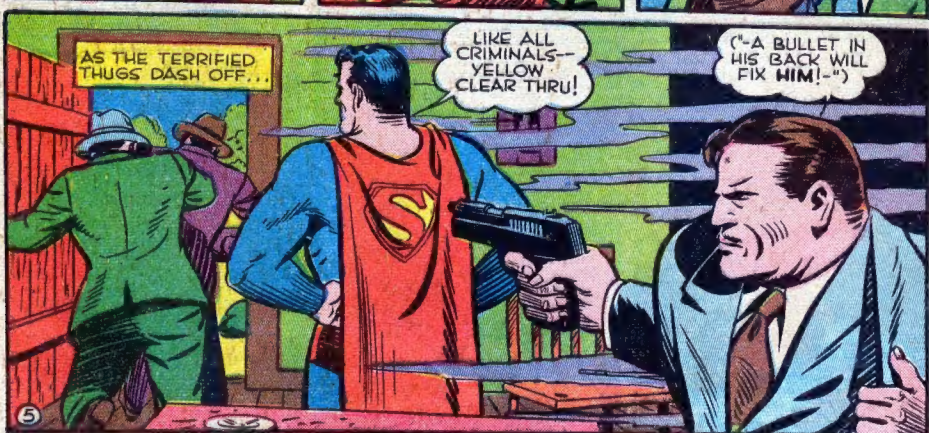
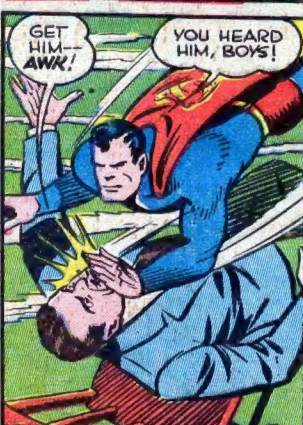
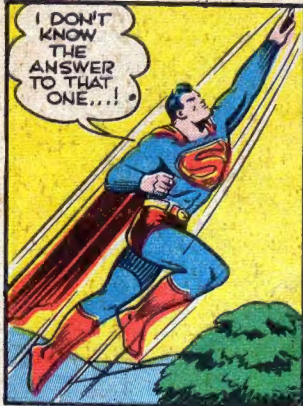
JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'LL STICK AROUND!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF... OH-MY-GOSH! IT'S-- S-SUPERMAN!!



THAT'S RIGHT! AND NOW, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE!





LAUGHING TRIUMPHANTLY,
DIRK FIRES....

DIE,
SAP!



BUT CHADWICK'S LAUGHTER
CHANGES TO A GURGLE OF
BEWILDERMENT AS **SUPERMAN**
SWIFTLY TURNS, UNHARMED...

STILL
LOOKING
FOR
TROUBLE,
EH?

BUT
HOW
---??



THIS IS TO
CONVINCE YOU
THAT I'M
IN EARNEST!

UUUUH-UUUH!



WANT
SOME
MORE?

NO!-- DON'T
HIT ME AGAIN--
YOUR FISTS ARE
LIKE SLEDGE-
HAMMERS!



THEN TELL ME--
WHERE ARE
BRANSON AND
THE OTHER
VANISHED
MEN?

I DON'T
KNOW!



DO YOU
DENY THAT
YOU SENT
MRS. BRANSON
A RANSOM
NOTE?

I DID THAT ALL
RIGHT, BUT--
IT WAS
BECAUSE I
SAW A PERFECT
CHANCE TO
COLLECT RANSOM
DOUGH... I TELL YA,
I DON'T **REALLY**
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO THOSE GUYS!



THAT MOMENT--A STRANGE
RAY PENETRATES THE ROOM
THRU THE HOLE IN THE ROOF.

WHAT'S
THAT?

YOUR
DOOM,
I'M
AFRAID!



THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION FLINGS **SUPERMAN** QUITE A DISTANCE FROM THE SPOT WHERE THE DESTROYED HIDEOUT HAD BEEN LOCATED.

THAT
FINISHES
DIRK!



THEN IF DIRK DIDN'T KIDNAP THOSE MEN-- **WHO DID?** OBVIOUSLY HE RESENTS DIRK'S EFFORTS TO CUT IN... AND HAS ACTED ACCORDINGLY.



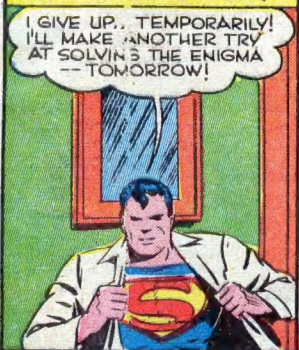
STREAKING BACK TO HIS APARTMENT...

IF ONLY I COULD LEARN THE SOURCE OF THAT FANTASTIC RAY!



...HE CHANGES BACK TO HIS IDENTITY AS THE DAILY PLANET STAR REPORTER!

I GIVE UP... TEMPORARILY!
I'LL MAKE ANOTHER TRY AT SOLVING THE ENIGMA -- TOMORROW!



BUT THAT EVENING... AS CLARK SLEEPS, SEVERAL STEALTHY FIGURES CREEP INTO HIS BEDROOM...



THERE IS A BRIEF STRUGGLE...

WHA
--??

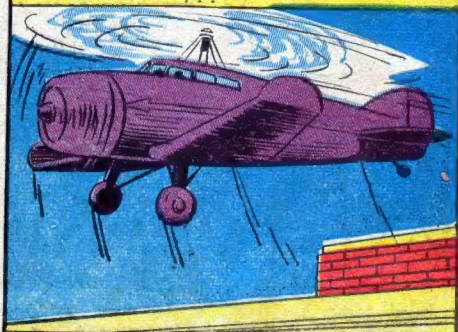
QUICK--THE
CHLOROFORM!



CLARK'S APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS BODY IS CARRIED ABOARD AN AUTOGIRO...



SKYWARD SOARS THE AUTOGIRO FROM THE APARTMENT ROOF, CARRYING THE DAILY PLANET SCRIBE TO WHAT WEIRD DESTINATION???



UP--UP RISES THE MYSTERIOUS AUTOGYRO HIGH INTO THE STRATOSPHERE....

HOW--HOW DID I GET--

QUIET, YOU!



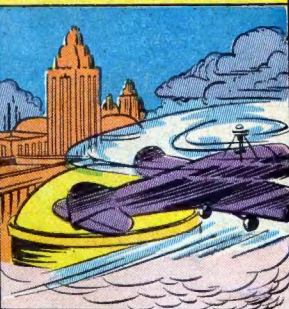
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE NOW. LET HIM LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!



AS THE REPORTER GLANCES OUT THE WINDOW, HE GLIMPSES A STARTLING SIGHT--A STRANGE, FANTASTIC CITY, FLOATING IN THE STRATOSPHERE....



A CITY--HANGING IN EMPTY AIR--! WHAT MANNER OF MIRACLE IS THIS?

LOOK HOW AMAZED HE IS!

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE MANY SURPRISES IN STORE FOR YOU!



SECONDS LATER, THE AUTOGYRO ALIGHTS WITHIN THE WEIRD CITY....

WH--WHERE NOW??

JUST KEEP WALKING!



BUT AS THEY WALK ALONG, CLARK SUDDENLY GASPS WITH AMAZEMENT....

CARL BRANSOM--JOHN STANDING! WHY--THEY'RE SOME OF THE **VANISHED MEN**! THEY'RE BEING HELD CAPTIVE HERE!

IF YOU THINK THEY'RE HERE AGAINST THEIR WILL, **ASK THEM!**



YOU MEAN, BRANSOM, THAT YOU **WANT** TO STAY HERE--HAVE NO DESIRE TO LEAVE?

EXACTLY, AND YOU'LL HAVE THE SAME ATTITUDE SOON YOURSELF, KENT... I'M SURE OF IT!



AS CLARK IS LED INTO WHAT OBVIOUSLY IS THE CITY'S GOVERNING BUILDING....

C!-THIS IS ASTONISHING! THESE MEN SEEM TO **WANT** TO STAY! BUT--WHY....?? MAYBE I'LL SOON KNOW!-")



THIS IS
ZYTAL--
THE BOSS!

WELCOME TO THE
"EMPIRE CITY IN THE
SKY", CLARK KENT.

WHY HAVE I--
AND THOSE
OTHER MEN--
BEEN BROUGHT
HERE?

TO ANSWER THAT,
I MUST GO BACK IN
MY EXPLANATION
TO AN OCCURRENCE
OF CENTURIES AGO.
I AM FROM ANOTHER
UNIVERSE, KENT. I
HAVE ALWAYS POSSESSED
A TREMENDOUS
THIRST FOR
KNOWLEDGE.

HUNDREDS--NAY, THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AGO, I FELT THAT
I HAD ACCUMULATED ALL
THE KNOWLEDGE I COULD
FIND UPON MY OLD WORLD,
SO I CONSTRUCTED THIS
FLYING CITY AND SET FORTH
TO EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE
WITH IT.

AN INTER-
PLANETARY
VOYAGER!

IN EACH OF THE WORLDS I
EXPLORED, I SELECTED A
GROUP OF THE WORLD'S MOST
SUPERIOR MEN TO JOIN ME IN
MY QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE. YOU
SHOULD FEEL VERY HONORED
TO BE AMONG THE CHOSEN.

I--I
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
TO
THINK!

THAT'S WHY THOSE
MEN ARE CONTENT
TO REMAIN HERE.
THEY ARE
ANXIOUS TO JOIN
ZYTAL IN HIS
EXPLORATION OF
INFINITY ITSELF!

CLARK IS LED TO A MAG-
NIFICENTLY FURNISHED
APARTMENT,...

THIS IS TO BE
YOUR HOME.
GET ACQUAINTED
WITH IT.

YOU'LL
BE HERE
A LONG
TIME!

BUT LATER--AS THE OTHERS
SLEEP, CLARK SITS ERECT,...

I'M NOT COMPLETELY
SATISFIED WITH
THAT EXPLANATION!

AND HERE'S WHERE I DO
SOME CHECKING UP
ON MY OWN!

MINUTES LATER--AVAILING
HIMSELF OF HIS ASTOUNDING
X-RAY VISION, SUPERMAN
PEERS THRU THE WALLS OF
ZYTAL'S SUITE--TO MAKE
AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY!

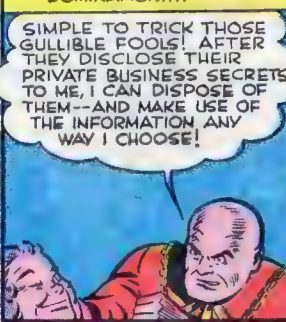
WHAT--!!

**THE MAN OF STEEL OBSERVES
ZYTAL REMOVE A FALSE
FACE....**



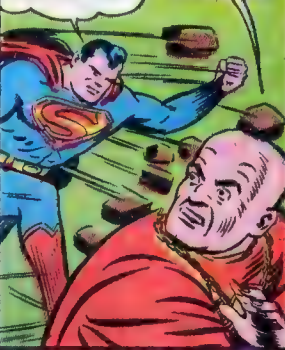
**..NOW THAT I'M
ALONE I CAN
DISPENSE WITH
THE PRETENSE!**

**...REVEALING THE INCREDIBLY
EVIL FEATURES OF--LUTHOR
THE SUPER-SCIENTIST WHO
ASPIRES TO WORLD-
DOMINATION....!**

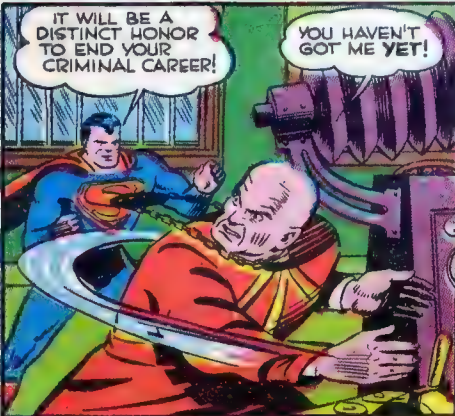


**SIMPLE TO TRICK THOSE
GULLIBLE FOOLS! AFTER
THEY DISCLOSE THEIR
PRIVATE BUSINESS SECRETS
TO ME, I CAN DISPOSE OF
THEM--AND MAKE USE OF
THE INFORMATION ANY
WAY I CHOOSE!**

**BUT YOU
RECKONED
WITHOUT ME!**



**SUPERMAN!
HOW--??**



**IT WILL BE A
DISTINCT HONOR
TO END YOUR
CRIMINAL CAREER!**

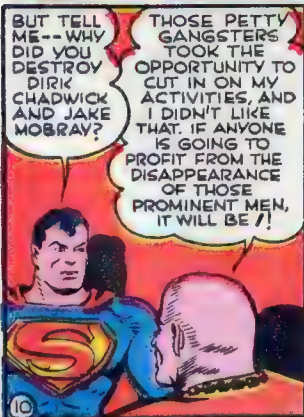
**YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ME YET!**



**THE MAN OF STEEL IS BOMBARDED BY A
TERRIFIC WAVE OF ELECTRICITY....**

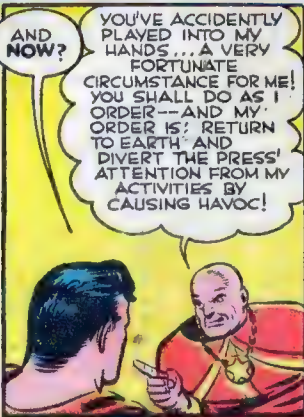
WHA--??

**SURPRISED, EH? YOU'LL
FIND YOU CAN'T MOVE
UNLESS I WILL IT! YOU
SEE, I'VE DISCOVERED
MANY THINGS ABOUT
THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE
CALLED ELECTRICITY!**



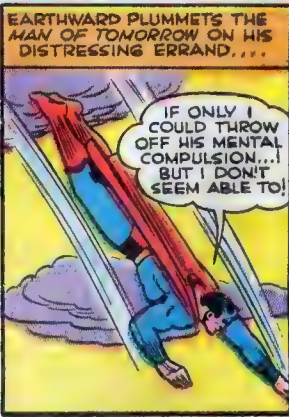
**BUT TELL
ME-- WHY
DID YOU
DESTROY
DIRK
CHADWICK
AND JAKE
MOBRAY?**

**THOSE PETTY
GANGSTERS
TOOK THE
OPPORTUNITY TO
CUT IN ON MY
ACTIVITIES, AND
I DIDN'T LIKE
THAT. IF ANYONE
IS GOING TO
PROFIT FROM THE
DISAPPEARANCE
OF THOSE
PROMINENT MEN,
IT WILL BE !!**



**AND
NOW?**

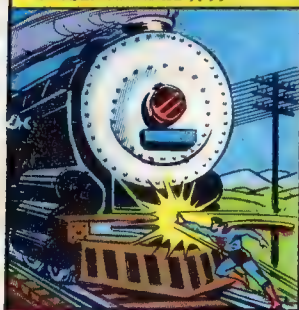
**YOU'VE ACCIDENTLY
PLAYED INTO MY
HANDS... A VERY
FORTUNATE
CIRCUMSTANCE FOR ME!
YOU SHALL DO AS I
ORDER--AND MY
ORDER IS: RETURN
TO EARTH AND
DIVERT THE PRESS'
ATTENTION FROM MY
ACTIVITIES BY
CAUSING HAVOC!**



**EARTHWARD PLUMMETS THE
MAN OF TOMORROW ON HIS
DISTRESSING ERRAND....**

**IF ONLY I
COULD THROW
OFF HIS MENTAL
COMPULSION...!
BUT I DON'T
SEEM ABLE TO!**

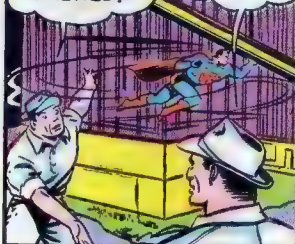
AGAINST HIS WILL, **SUPERMAN** PERFORMS AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH THAT SPREADS PANIC... HE HALTS A TRAIN SINGLE-HANDED....



HE DISMANTLES A BUILDING IN A FEW MINUTES THAT HAS TAKEN MONTHS TO ERECT...

L-LOOK...! AND THE BUILDING WAS ALMOST FINISHED!

NOW IT'S ONLY A SKELETON OF ITSELF!



HE RACES THRU HEAVY CITY TRAFFIC... DELIBERATELY DISORGANIZING IT...



THESE FANTASTIC REPORTS ABOUT **SUPERMAN** RUNNING AMUCK... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THEM! I'D BETTER CONSULT CLARK.

THERE GOES LOIS LANE INTO CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT BUILDING!

WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO GET HER!



MEANWHILE -- THE MAN OF TOMORROW STREAKS BACK TO HIS APARTMENT...

PERHAPS IF I LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE--MARSHALL MY WILL-POWER, I CAN BREAK FREE OF LUTHOR'S COMPULSION!



BEFORE CLARK'S APARTMENT DOOR, LOIS IS SEIZED BY THE WICKED SCIENTIST'S HIRELINGS....

LET GO!

YOU'RE COMING WITH US!



SIGHTING LOIS'S PLIGHT, **SUPERMAN** STREAKS IN THRU A HALL WINDOW....

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GIRL!

AWK!

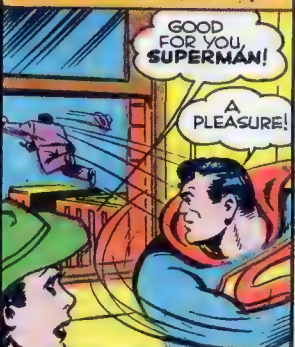
BUT WE THOUGHT --!!



NEXT INSTANT, **SUPERMAN** SUBJECTS THE THUGS TO A WELL-DESERVED BEATING!

GOOD FOR YOU, **SUPERMAN**!

A PLEASURE!



BUT NEXT INSTANT, AS LUTHOR'S COMPULSION SWEEPS OVER **SUPERMAN** ONCE AGAIN, HE SEIZES LOIS ROUGHLY....

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

YOUR EYES! YOU LOOK SO--**STRANGE!**



AS THEY STREAK SKYWARD...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO MY MASTER--
LUTHOR!



AND LATER---WHEN THEY REACH **LUTHOR'S PRESENCE**

SO YOU'VE BROUGHT LOIS LANE TO ME, EH? GOOD WORK! AND NOW, REMAIN HERE WHILE I CONFRONT HER WITH CLARK KENT!

CLARK HERE--
ALSO A CAPTIVE?



NO SOONER DOES **LUTHOR** DEPART THAN **SUPERMAN** CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY...

GOT TO GET BACK AND CHANGE TO CLARK KENT BEFORE IT'S --TOO LATE...



GAINING SOME CONTROL OF HIMSELF, **SUPERMAN** RACES PAST **LUTHOR** AND LOIS SO QUICKLY HE CANNOT BE SEEN....

AND AFTER YOU MEET KENT, I'M GOING TO DESTROY THE BOTH OF YOU!

YOU'RE STILL AS COLD-BLOODED AS EVER!



SWIFTLY, **SUPERMAN** DONS HIS OTHER GARMENTS...

THEY'RE ALMOST OUTSIDE THE DOOR...



LUTHOR--
AND LOIS!
WHAT--??

I'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY HIM, TOO. --BROUGHT HERE BY AN ENSLAVED **SUPERMAN**.



AND NOW, **DIE--**
BOTH OF YOU!



LOIS IS RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE FALL. HEARING A ROAR FROM BEHIND, **SUPERMAN** WHIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND FACES THE ONRUSHING FOE....

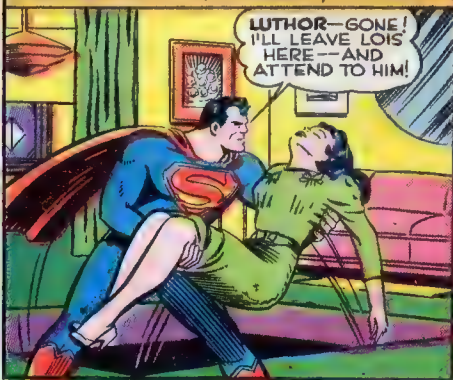
ONE OF **LUTHOR'S** FIENDISH CREATIONS! WELL...I'M READY! LET'S GO!



SUPERMAN DESTROYS HIS MASSIVE OPPONENT WITH ONE TREMENDOUS BLOW...



SPRINGING FROM THE DUNGEON, HE FINDS--



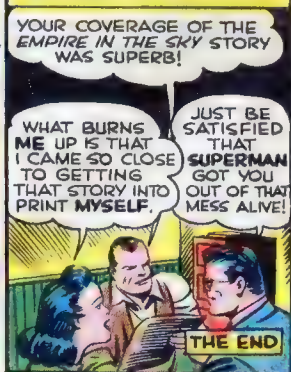
SUPERMAN LEAPS DOWN TOWARD EARTH AHEAD OF THE FALLING SKY-CITY IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME....



CATCHING THE GREAT MECHANISM, SUPERMAN LOWERS THE CITY TO SAFETY...



LATER--AT THE DAILY PLANET...





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

THE WINNERS!

YESSIR, Members and Fans, this month we announce the Winners of the Top Prizes in SUPERMAN'S SUPER CONTEST!

You will remember that the Contest Rules stated that the amount of any Prize Award would be automatically DOUBLED if the Winner of that Prize was a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB, though the Contest was open to all readers of ACTION COMICS Magazine, whether they were Members of the Club or not.

Well, a non-Member walked off with the FIRST PRIZE!

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

JAMES E. FOX 6 Golf Avenue, New Hartford, N. Y. \$100.00

Congratulations, James! Your entry was a great one, and deserved First Prize. We're only sorry you weren't a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB—for such a Membership would have doubled the amount of your Prize to TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

The Winner of Second Prize is one of our girl readers, and a Member of the Club. Therefore, the seventy-five dollar Prize is DOUBLED for her:

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

JOAN KAUFFMAN Box 493, Fanwood, N. J. \$150.00

So, you see, because Joan is a Member and James isn't, the Second Prize actually amounts to more than the First Prize!

THIRD PRIZE WINNER

GEORGE KASHDAN 1067 Anderson Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. \$100.00

George, you see, is also a Member of the Club. That's why his Prize is \$100.00 instead of fifty dollars.

The four Winners of the Fourth Prizes are all Members, too, so the original Prize of \$25.00 is doubled for each of them:

FOURTH PRIZE WINNERS

PATRICIA EARL	112½ N. Orlando, Los Angeles, Calif.	\$50.00
LESLIE THAYER, JR.	18 Creighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.	\$50.00
BENEDICT BADER	3732 Lyme Ave., Seagate, L. I., N. Y.	\$50.00
BARBARA BURKE	110 Eutaw Street, East Boston, Mass.	\$50.00

All five Winners of the FIFTH PRIZES are Members of the Club, so each receives a check for THIRTY DOLLARS! The lucky Winners are: **Ted Goodson**, Chauncey, Ohio; **Douglas Scott**, Abilene, Texas; **Gus Louis Vayner**, Lynchburg, Va.; **Alfred Serenson**, Van Nest, N. Y.; **Vivian Carter**, Atlanta, Georgia. Congratulations to all of you!

Unfortunately we do not have space enough to print the names of all the Prize Winners, most of whom are Members of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB. However, checks have been mailed to all the Winners—so you'd better keep a weather eye out for the mailman. If you entered SUPERMAN'S SUPER CONTEST, that mailman may be bringing you an interesting envelope!

Altogether checks totaling ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS (\$1735.00) have been mailed to the THREE HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVEN (337) WINNERS in SUPERMAN'S SUPER CONTEST!

Again, thanks to all of you for entering the contest. The entries were swell, and the Judges had a hard time selecting the Winners from the thousands of entries which came in. Congratulations to all you Winners—and to the less fortunate: "Better luck next time!"

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

NOV.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



I WANT EVERY BOY AND GIRL
TO GET MY OFFICIAL NEW

DAISY

**SUPERMAN
KRYPTO-
RAYGUN**

OUTFIT



\$1

SAFE! SHOTS PICTURES ON WALL!

Now ready for you—the one and only OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN—the new kind of safe fun pistol that flashes a thrilling scene from a 28-picture Superman Adventure Story on the wall each time you pull the trigger! Looks exactly like the KRYPTO-RAYGUN Superman himself uses in his fight against crime. Superman's name, picture "engraved" on each genuine KRYPTO-RAYGUN. Absolutely harmless. (NOT a camera).

NO. 90—COMPLETE SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN OUTFIT—as illustrated in beautiful super-package—includes Daisy's official Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, 7 complete Superman Film Stories of 28 different scenes each or a total of 196 Superman pictures! Only \$1 at your Dealers. If he hasn't it, or no Dealer is near you, order direct from Daisy. We'll rush your order postpaid. Be sure to order BY NUMBER and to send price of article wanted, by cash or M. O. (Duty added in Canada).

NO. 91 SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN OUTFIT
Colored carton holds wonderful OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, one thrilling 28-frame Superman Film Adventure—all ready for projection. Complete outfit only \$06

NO. 92 CINEMATIC PISTOL WITH SUPERMAN FILM
Carry your own packet "theater" This peep-show pistol needs no bulb nor battery. "Peek" thru rear, SEE show inside day or night! Pistol, packed with one 28-frame Superman film ready for showing \$06

NO.
94

WRITE
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NEW DAISY PICTURE PISTOLS READY!



NO.
90

No. 90—(Illustrated) 7 different 28-scene picture stories packed with new Daisy Projector Pistol—Red Ryder, Chief Wagon, Dan Dunn, Capt. Easy, National Defense etc. Each 28-scene film tells complete story. Pistol, bulb, battery, lenses, AND 7 films totaling 196 pictures \$1.

No. 91—Contains complete Daisy Picture PROJECTOR Pistol with bulb, battery lenses but has ONE 28-scene story film Pistol sturdily made of heavy blued steel. Complete outfit comes packed in 2-color carton—costs only \$06

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See Our Ad Elsewhere in This Magazine for Complete Listing of Daisy's New Film Cartoon Subjects Fitting All Pistols Shown Above.

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**ASK FOR THE OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN—MADE
ONLY BY DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 6811 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, USA.**

The VIGILANTE

FROM ACROSS THE WESTERN PLAINS AND INTO THE STREAMLINED EAST FLASHES A MYSTERY RIDER SYMBOLIC OF THE SPIRIT OF FRONTIER

A man in a blue suit and hat, possibly a vigilante, looking down. The man is wearing a blue suit jacket, a blue shirt, and a blue hat. He is looking down with a serious expression. The background is a solid green color.

FROM ACROSS THE WESTERN
PLAINS AND INTO THE
STREAMING EAST FLASHES
A VANGUARD RIDE
OF THE SPIRIT OF FRONTIER
AMERICA--- THE VIGILANTE---
HEROIC CHAMPION OF LAW
AND ORDER, WHO BATTLES
TWENTIETH CENTURY CRIMINALS
WITH WEAPONS OF THE
RANGE IN A CEASELESS
ONE-MAN STAMPEDE AGAINST
ALL LAWLESSNESS.
FOLLOW THE VICTORY
TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTE
AS HE ROUNDS UP PUBLIC
ENEMY NUMBER 1 WITH
SMOKING SIX-GUNS
AND TWIRLING LARIAT--



STATE PRISON!
A CITADEL
OF CRIME BEHIND
WHOSE GRIM,
LOCKED GATES
ARE HARBORED
THE NATION'S
MOST NOTORIOUS
OUTLAWS!



I'LL BE GLAD
WHEN THIS
IS OVER!

ME TOO!
I HATE THESE
ASSIGNMENTS!

BUT ONE MAN—THE VIGILANTE—SMILES GRIMLY, AWARE OF THE FACT THAT HE HAS FINALLY BROUGHT A RUTHLESS DESPERADO TO JUSTICE!



IT'S ABOUT TIME SOCIETY CAUGHT UP WITH KILLER KELLY!

TWO GUARDS USHER THE SWAGGERING, ARROGANT KILLER INTO THE DEATH HOUSE.



HELLO, BOYS! DON'T FORGET TO SPELL MY NAME RIGHT!

SO IT'S YOU-- COME TO SEE ME DIE! WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, VIGILANTE! THEY CAN'T KILL KILLER KELLY! I'M COMING BACK FROM THE GRAVE! AND I'LL GET YOU!



THE LAW EXACTS ITS TOLL--



I PRONOUNCE THIS MAN DEAD!



THAT'S STRANGE ABOUT KELLY BOASTING THAT HE'D COME AFTER ME FROM THE GRAVE— I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT!

THAT WAS A SWELL JOB, DOC, FIXING THE JUICE SO THAT ONLY TWO HUNDRED VOLTS WENT THROUGH ME. THE SHOCK DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER ME!



INSIDE THE DEATH HOUSE LIKE A PHOENIX RISEN FROM THE ASHES OF ITS PYRE, A KILLER KELLY COMES TO LIFE!

I'LL TELL THE PAPERS YOUR BODY WAS CREMATED— AND THEN NO ONE WILL EVER BE THE WISER. I NEVER WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU— BUT I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT YOU'D DO TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN!



THE WHOLE WORLD BELIEVES I'M DEAD! I CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING FROM NOW ON! AND ONE GUY I AIM TO REMEMBER IS— THE VIGILANTE!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER... A GANG OF DESPERATE CRIMINALS, LED BY KILLER KELLY, CRACK DOWN ON PRESTON CITY'S LEADING BANK—

HERE ARE SOME SLUGS TO DEPOSIT!

AND AS SWIFTLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE GRAM PHOOLS OF GANDOM FADDED INTO THE NIGHT--

A COOL HUNDRED GRAND! NOT BAD FOR A DEAD GUY!

THE NEXT DAY, AT A RODEO, GREG SANDERS, FAMOUS RADIO STAR KNOWN AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, POSES FOR PUBLICITY PICTURES.

HOW'S THIS POSE, FELLOWS?

HERE, MR. SANDERS, HOLD THIS LARIAT IN YOUR HAND. ALL YOUR FANS THINK YOU'RE A ROOTIN', TOOTIN' COWBOY. THIS PUBLICITY HELPS!

THE NEXT THING I KNOW YOU FELLOWS WILL WANT ME TO RIDE A BUCKING BRONCO! WHY MUST YOU BUILD ME UP AS A HERO OF THE RANGE?

THE PUBLIC IS HUNGRY FOR GLAMOUR, MR. SANDERS! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE YOU AS POPULAR AS THE VIGILANTE!

A STEER'S LOOSE!

SUDDENLY--

GREG SANDERS GOES INTO LIGHTNING ACTION, USING THE LARIAT GIVEN HIM BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER--

THIS ALWAYS WORKED IN THE MOVIES--

THE BOY SAVED BY SANDERS! QUICK THINKING! THE CROWD GOES WILD!

IT WAS JUST A LUCKY SHOT, FOLKS!

THAT EVENING, AFTER GREG SANDERS ENDS HIS BROADCAST, HE MEETS BETTY STUART, BLUES SINGER.

HELLO, BETTY.

HELLO, GREG. YOU'RE A HERO! HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS? HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT?



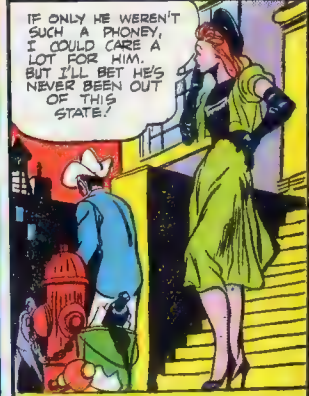
BUT GREG SANDERS HAS EYES FOR A NEWS STORY OTHER THAN THE REPORT OF HIS OWN FEAT...

WHAT'S THIS "KILLER KELLYS" FINGERPRINTS FOUND ON SAFE OF RAIDED BANK?"

I'LL HAVE TO BE GOING, BETTY! SEE YOU SOON.



IF ONLY HE WEREN'T SUCH A PHONEY, I COULD CARE A LOT FOR HIM. BUT I'LL BET HE'S NEVER BEEN OUT OF THIS STATE!



AT HIS HOME, SANDERS SHEDS THE RAIMENT OF THE "DUDE" COWBOY AND DONS THE COLORFUL WESTERN GARB OF THE VIGILANTE!



IT'S INCREDIBLE! I SAW KELLY DIE WITH MY OWN EYES--YET HE--OR HIS GHOST--IS STILL ON A CRUSADE OF CRIME! AND HE MIGHT FIGURE ON GOING AFTER THE JEWELS AT VAN ARDSLEY'S BALL TONIGHT!

WHO IS THIS VIGILANTE---

SUN-FIGHTIN' RANNY OF THE RANGE WHO HAS RIDDEN OUT OF THE WEST TO BATTLE OUTLAW OF THE METROPOLIS WITH SMOKING SIX-GUNS AND TWIRLING LARIAT!

BORN IN WYOMING, GREG SANDERS INHERITED THE STERLING QUALITIES OF HIS GRANDFATHER, INDIAN FIGHTER AND STALWART FRONTIERSMAN...

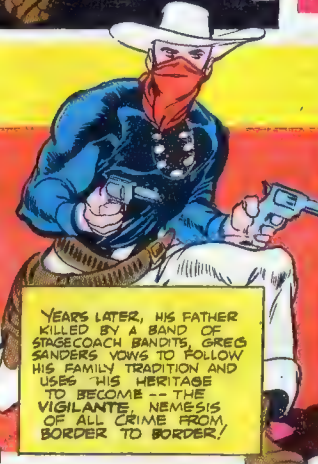
THIS WILL GET THE THIEVIN' SIDE-WINDER!



THE SON OF A FEARLESS COUNTY SHERIFF, YOUNG GREG SANDERS LEARNED THE LAW OF THE RANGE---TO BRING TO JUSTICE THOSE ENGAGED IN CORRUPT PRACTICES--



PUT 'EM UP, YOU RUSTLIN' CQVOTE!



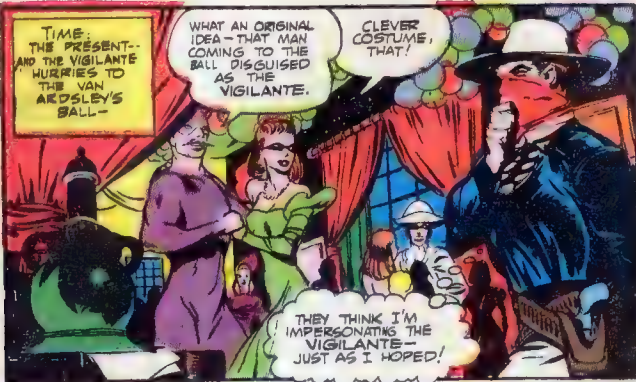
YEARS LATER, HIS FATHER KILLED BY A BAND OF STAGECOACH BANDITS, GREG SANDERS VOWS TO FOLLOW HIS FAMILY TRADITION AND USES HIS HERITAGE TO BECOME--THE VIGILANTE NEMESIS OF ALL CRIME FROM BORDER TO BORDER!

HIS GOLDEN VOICE AND HIS SONGS OF SAGE BRING HIM FAME AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR---

HOME--ON--THE--RANGE--

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!





OUTSIDE, THE VIGILANTE COMMANDERS
A TAXI AND GIVES CHARGE TO THE
FUGITIVE OUTLAW.

FOLLOW
THAT
CAR!

GET
HIM!
VIGILANTE!

THE CAB-
DRIVER PASSES
DOWN ON THE
ACCELERATOR,
AND PRESENTLY...

JUST LIKE
BULLDOSSING
A STEER!



KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS
BY THE UNEXPECTED
BLOW THE VIGILANTE
COMES TO DISCOVER
HIMSELF BOUND AND A
CAPTIVE OF THE
MURDEROUS CRIMINAL!

SURE I'M ALIVE,
VIGILANTE! THE PRISON
DOCTOR FIXED THE
CHAIR SO THAT ONLY
A FEW VOLTS WENT
THROUGH ME. HE PRETENDED
TO PRONOUNCE ME DEAD--
OTHERWISE MY MEN
WOULD HAVE KILLED
HIS WIFE AND
CHILDREN!

YOU'LL PAY
FOR YOUR
CRIMES
SOME DAY,
KELLY!

BUT YOU'LL
DIE FIRST,
VIGILANTE--
BY GAS!
AS SOON AS
I SHUT THE
DOOR, GAS
WILL SEEP
IN!

THE DOOR CLANGS SHUT AND THE
LETHAL VAPORS HISS IN THROUGH
THE NOZZLE IN THE CEILING---

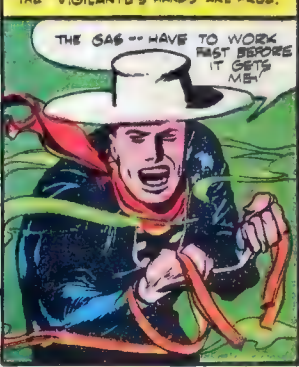
A BUCKET OF
WATER OVER THERE!
LUCKY FOR ME
THAT KELLY
TIED ME UP WITH
LEATHER
THINGS!

THE VIGILANTE IMMERSSES HIS BOUND
HANDS IN A BUCKET OF WATER!

IT'S LUCKY
KELLY DIDN'T
KNOW SOME-
THING EVERY
WESTERNER
KNOWS--THAT
RAWHIDE
STRETCHES,
WHEN WET!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE
DRENCHED THONGS STRETCH--AND
THE VIGILANTE'S HANDS ARE FREE!

THE GAS -- HAVE TO WORK
FAST BEFORE
IT GETS
ME!



STANDING ON TIPTOES, THE VIGILANTE HOLDS A FLAMING MATCH TO THE GAS NOZZLE!

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO BEAT THE MURDERIN' SIDE-WINDER!



JUST AS I THOUGHT, THE GAS IS NOW BURNING LIKE A GAS PIPE! WILL KELLY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME ALIVE!?

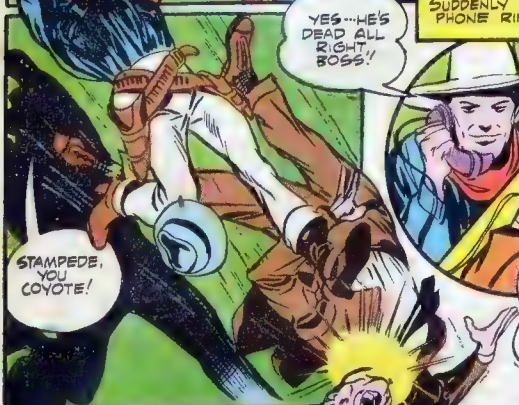
PRESENTLY ONE OF THE KILLER'S MEN RETURNS TO INSPECT HIS MASTER'S HANDIWORK...

THE VIGILANTE NEVER THOUGHT HE'D GO THE WAY OF THE RANGE-- THE GAS RANGE!



YES...HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, BOSS!

SUDDENLY THE PHONE RINGS!



STAMPEDE, YOU COYOTE!



GOOD, SLATS! MEET US AT SOUTH AND FIFTH-- WE'RE CRACKING A SAFE AT THE OFFICE OF J.R. ROCKRICH!



THE VIGILANTE RACES TO THE OFFICES OF J.R. ROCKRICH FOR A FINAL SHOWDOWN WITH KILLER KELLY!



DON'T HAVE TO CLIMB STAIRS WHEN I HAVE SPURS!

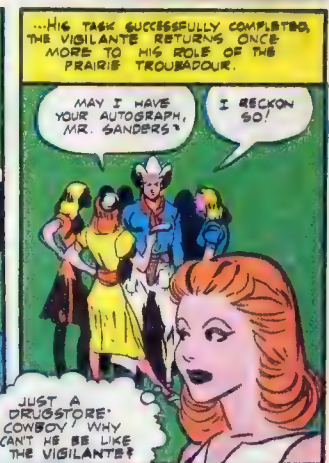
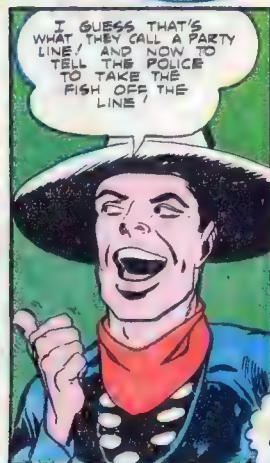
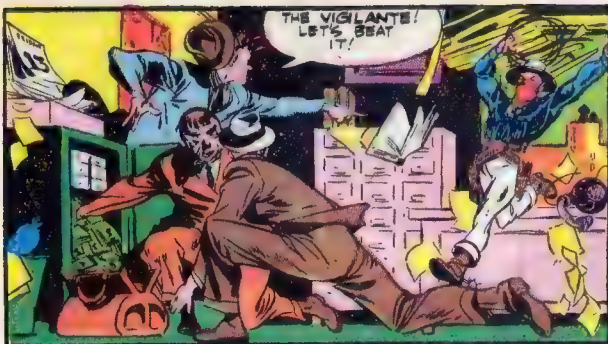


NOW TO TRY THE OLD ROPE TRICK!



THE VIGILANTE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, OBLIVIOUS TO THE YAWNING DEPTHS BELOW...

GOOD THING I'M USED TO WIDE OPEN SPACES!



NEXT MONTH! A THRILLING 13-PAGE "VIGILANTE" ADVENTURE!

BLACK PIRATE

by SHELDON MOLDOFF

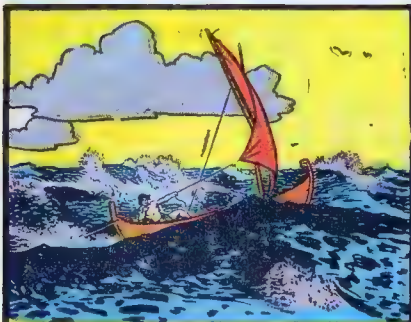
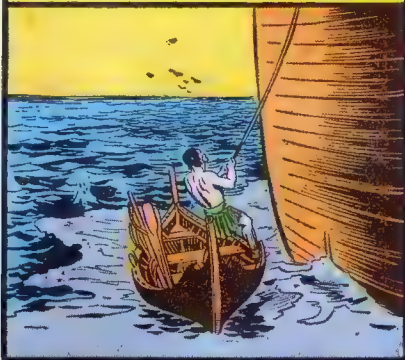
SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, TWO SWARTHY PIRATES PLOT...

HE WAS SEEN IN THESE WATERS A FEW DAYS AGO. WE HAVE WAITED LONG TO EVEN OLD SCORES WITH THE BLACK PIRATE...

YES, OUR PLAN IS PERFECT—THIS TIME WE SHALL NOT FAIL.



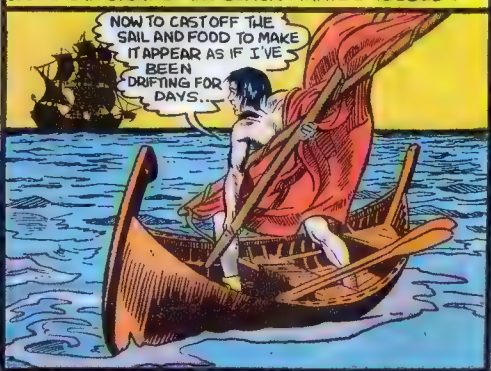
GOING ON DECK, THE TWO CUTTHROATS ISSUE BRIEF ORDERS, AND A SMALL BOAT WITH ONE OF THE CREW, IS LOWERED FROM THE SHIP.



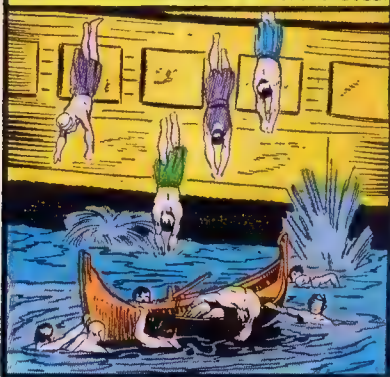
THE LIGHT CRAFT SKIPS ACROSS THE CHOPPY WATERS..UNTIL...

COMING IN SIGHT OF THE BLACK PIRATE'S VESSEL !

NOW TO CAST OFF THE SAIL AND FOOD TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS IF I'VE BEEN DRIFTING FOR DAYS...

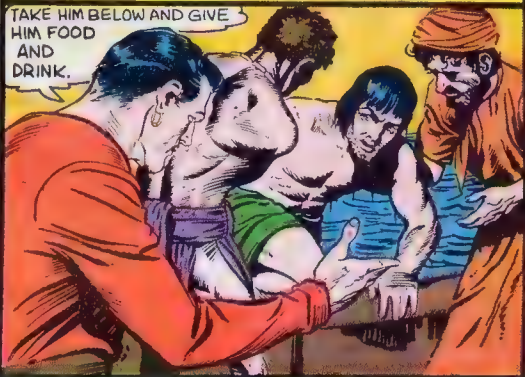


THE SKIFF IS SIGHTED BY THE BLACK
PIRATES CREW AND THEY EFFECT A RESCUE.



BELIEVING THE MAN TO BE AN ESCAPED FUGITIVE, NO
QUESTIONS ARE ASKED BY THE BUCCANEERS..

TAKE HIM BELOW AND GIVE
HIM FOOD
AND
DRINK.



POOR FELLOW, MUST HAVE
ESCAPED FROM A PRISON
OR GALLEY SHIP..



JON, THERE'S
SOMETHING ABOUT
THAT MAN I
DON'T LIKE. HAVE
HIM CLOSELY
GUARDED!

JON VALOR LAUGHS AT HER FEARS, BUT BONNIE
IS STILL SUSPICIOUS AND WATCHES THE MAN!

IF HE WON'T KEEP AN
EYE ON HIM, I WILL..
THERE. HE'S WATCHING
A SHIP OUT THERE..



THERE IS NOTHING WRONG IN
SIGHTING ANOTHER SHIP. BUT
WHEN THAT SAME SHIP IS
STILL THERE AT THE END
OF THE DAY..



THAT BOAT IS FOLLOWING
US.. I'LL TELL VALOR..

HE'S WATCHED
IT ALL DAY.
AND IT'S STILL
BEHIND US..



MAYBE IT'S BOUND ALONG
THE SAME COURSE WE ARE..
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT, BONNIE!



THAT NIGHT, VALOR IS AWAKENED ...

SOMEONE OUTSIDE
THE DOOR. BETTER
HAVE A LOOK...



BOLTED!
THE FUGITIVE..
SOMETHING UN-
HOLY ABOARD



OUTSIDE...THE FUGITIVE REACHES THE DECK

I'VE LOCKED THE BLACK PIRATE IN..
NOW FOR THE SIGNAL!



AH..THERE SHE IS..
ALMOST WITHIN
FIRING DISTANCE!



WITH A FLAMING TORCH, THE MAN FLASHES
A SIGNAL TO THE WAITING SHIP..



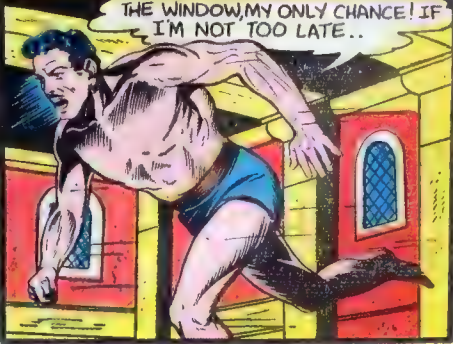
THERE'S THE
SIGNAL,
CAP'N!

THE RUSE HAS WORKED.
STAND BY AND PREPARE
TO ATTACK..



MEAN WHILE, THE BLACK PIRATE, LOCKED IN HIS
QUARTERS, LOOKS FOR MEANS OF ESCAPE!

THE WINDOW, MY ONLY CHANCE! IF
I'M NOT TOO LATE..



THERE IS A SHATTERING OF GLASS AS THE BLACK PIRATE DIVES INTO THE SEA...



...AND PULLS HIMSELF UP THE SLIPPERY SIDE OF THE SHIP!

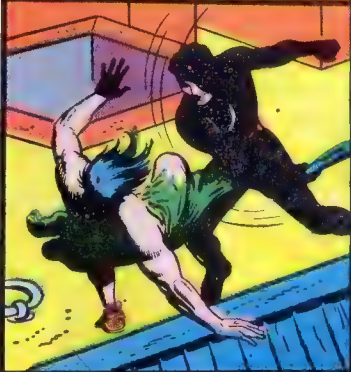


NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR THE FUGITIVE IS ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO THE CANVAS SAILS...

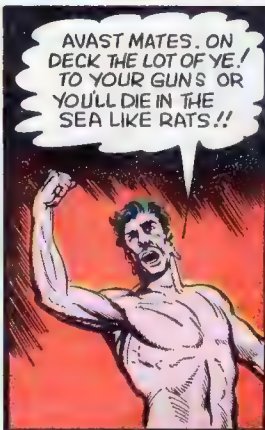
DROP THAT YOU DIRTY BEGGAR!



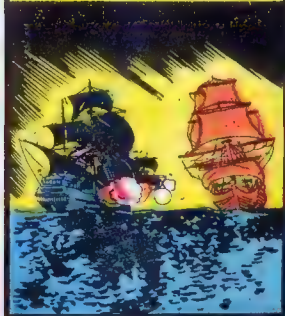
FURIOUS, JON VALOR HURLS THE TRAITOROUS SAILOR INTO THE SEA!



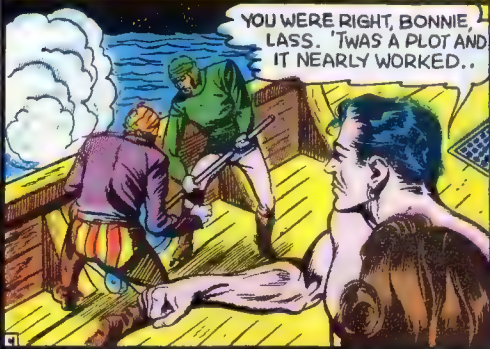
AVAST MATES. ON DECK THE LOT OF YE! TO YOUR GUNS OR YOU'LL DIE IN THE SEA LIKE RATS!!



VALOR'S MEN ARE FIGHTERS, AND AN INSTANT LATER, THE BLACK PIRATE'S GUNS BELCH FORTH A VICIOUS BROADSIDE ON THE UNSUSPECTING RIVAL SHIP!

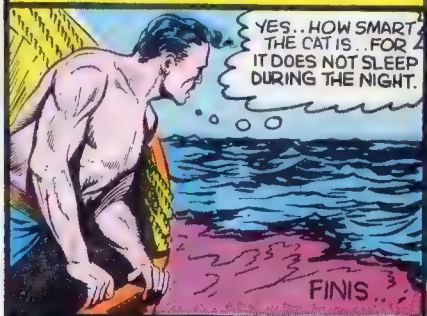


THE FURY OF THE SUDDEN ATTACK SENDS THE OTHER CRAFT SCURRYING INTO THE SAFETY OF THE NIGHT.



YOU WERE RIGHT, BONNIE LASS. 'T WAS A PLOT AND IT NEARLY WORKED..

VALOR DOES NOT PURSUE THE SHIP, BUT GAZES INTO THE SEA WHICH SWALLOWED UP THE BODY OF THE FUGITIVE.. HE REALIZES THAT IT HAD ALMOST BEEN HIM INSTEAD..



YES.. HOW SMART THE CAT IS.. FOR IT DOES NOT SLEEP DURING THE NIGHT.

FINIS

STILL AT THE TOP!



JERRY SIEGEL'S

SUPERMAN

—MOST ORIGINAL AND EXCITING
ADVENTURE CHARACTER EVER
CONCEIVED!

SALES PROVE IT IS

YOUR
No. 1 FAVORITE!

AND NOW—

JERRY SIEGEL DOES IT AGAIN!

AMERICA'S FOREMOST

ADVENTURE WRITER

GIVES YOU

the **STAR-SPANGLED KID**
and **STRIPEY!**

COME ON! BLAST THROUGH

SMASHING, FAST-ACTION

EXPLOITS WITH

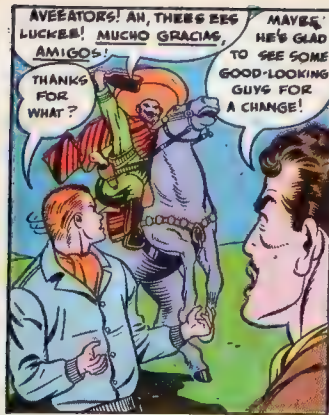
AMERICA'S

COMRADES IN COMBAT



NOW ON SALE!





AVEATORS! AH, THEES EES
LUCKEE! MUCHO GRACIAS,
AMIGOS!

THANKS
FOR
WHAT?

MAYBE.
HE'S GLAD
TO SEE SOME
GOOD-LOOKING
GUYS FOR A CHANGE!



YOUR AIRPLANES,
SEÑOR! I THANK
YOU FOR THEM!
THEY NOW BELONG
TO ME!

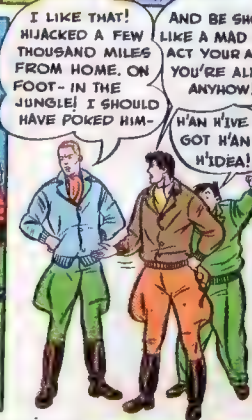
OH, NO,
THEY DON'T!
YOU
BULLYING
THIEF, I'LL
SHOW -



LISTEN, YOU TWO-BIT BANDIT!
WE'RE AMERICAN CITIZENS! THESE
ARE AMERICAN PLANES! IF YOU
TAKE THEM, THE U.S.A. MAY
WANT TO KNOW THE REASON!



WHEN I, MIGUEL MIRANDA, AM HEAD
OF THEES COUNTRIE, YOUR NATION
WEEF FORGET THEES THEENG! THEY
WEEF SEND ME AN AMBASSADOR! I
WEEF BE GREAT! TAKE THE PLANES,
MEN. PRONTO!



I LIKE THAT!
HIJACKED A FEW
THOUSAND MILES
FROM HOME. ON
FOOT- IN THE
JUNGLE! I SHOULD
HAVE POKED HIM-

AND BE SHOT
LIKE A MAD DOG!
ACT YOUR AGE!
YOU'RE ALIVE,
ANYHOW!

H'AN H'VE
GOT H'AN
H'IDEA!



WE H'ALL KNOW THIS SECTION
PRETTY WELL. FIRST WE'VE GOT
TO GET SOME DIRTY PANTS AND
SHIRTS AND GUNS! THEN -

LET'S
GO!



THERE ARE
OUR COSTUMES!

WE'LL TAKE THEIR CLOTHES
AND LEAVE 'EM OURS!



NOW HE'S THE GREATEST
STAR ON THE SCREEN!

SEE how Superman
came to Earth from
the planet Krypton!

CHEER

as the battle rages in sky-
scraper after skyscraper, a
death-ray leaps sky-
high at a single bound!

THRILL

as the drama
of "Last Moments" is
developed (and the
most "wow" scene
to win the crowd!)



SUPERMAN
IS IN THE
MOVIES!

Copyright Superman, Inc.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when **SUPERMAN** is coming to your town.
Don't miss a single one of these thrilling Paramount shorts. in **TECHNICOLOR!**



Mr. AMERICA

by BERNARD BAILY

NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN
SCORNE? AH, BUT NOT
THE QUEEN BEE!
WITHIN HER BEAUTY WAS
A CONSUMING FIRE TO
CONQUER THE RACE OF
MEN! FOR HER SUBJECTS
SHE DREW FROM THE
DRESS OF THE UNDER-
WORLD, LAWBREAKERS,
SKILLED IN SUDDEN
DEATH! INTO THIS
SETTING STEPS
MR. AMERICA!
AND WITH HIM,
A NEW AND
POTENT
WEAPON---

A
MODERN
FLYING
CARPET--!!

AND INTRODUCING

FAT MAN



EVENING---IN HIS APARTMENT, TEX THOMSON, WHOSE IDENTITY AS MR. AMERICA IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS OLD FRIEND, BOB DALEY, PONDER'S A STRANGE OCCURRENCE...



BOB, HOWEVER, HAS OTHER IDEAS. FUMING, HE FEELS TEX HAS DESERTED HIM...



INTO BOB'S FERTILE BRAIN POPS A BIZARRE IDEA: WHY NOT TWO PUBLIC DEFENDERS? YES, WHY NOT? HURRIEDLY, HE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO EXECUTION.



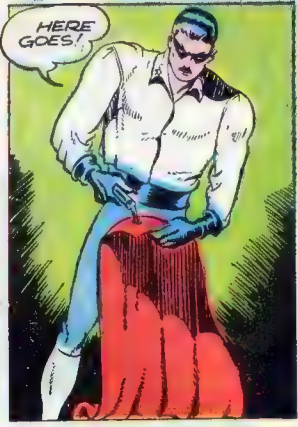
A LITTLE HERE AND A LITTLE THERE, AND THE FAT MAN IS BORN--A NEW NEMESIS OF CRIME, A FINGER IN THE ARM OF THE LAW...



MEANWHILE, TEX HEADS FOR HIS SECRET HIDEOUT--DEEP IN THE WOODS



SWIFTLY, MR. AMERICA BEGINS TO WORK WITH BEWILDERING OBJECTS



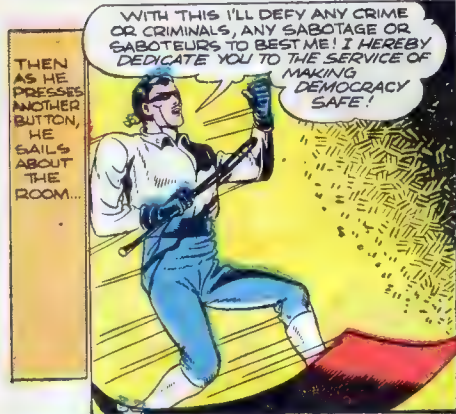
THEN, HE PASSES A BUTTON ON HIS SASH...

and...

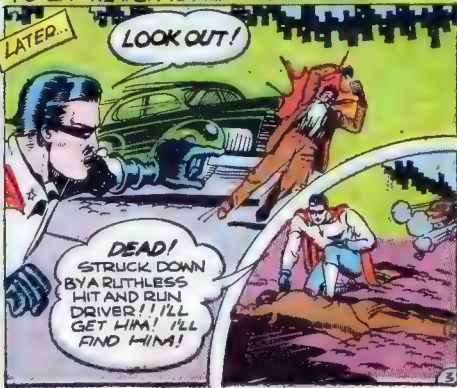
IT WORKS!
IT WORKS!



THIS THEN IS MR. AMERICA'S SECRET! HE HAS TRANSFORMED HIS CAPE INTO A MODERN, MAGIC FLYING CARPET... AS IT RISES, TEX LEAPS ABOARD IT...



THUS MR. AMERICA ADDS TO HIS ARSENAL ANOTHER POTENT WEAPON TO FIGHT HIS ENEMIES...



BUT FATE HAS DECREED THAT ANOTHER SHALL FIND THE CAR. THRU THE NIGHT, ON PATROL, TODDLES THE **FAT MAN**...



ONLY A FIREFLY, A TINY LIGHT IN THE DARK! BUT TO THE **FAT MAN** IT IS A BRAND NEW SPECIMEN FOR HIS COLLECTION



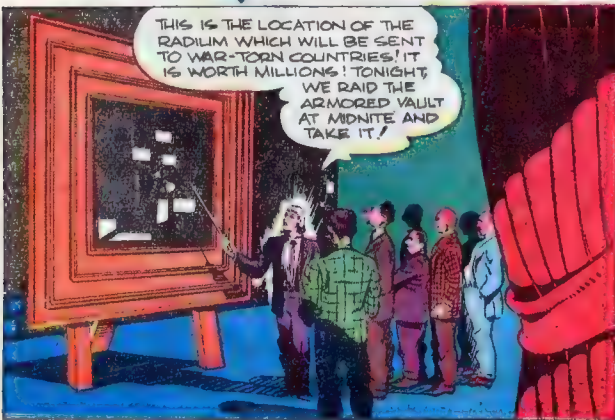
WITH A DULL THUD THE **FAT MAN** FALLS TO THE FLOOR... DAZED, HE LISTENS AS VOICES SEEM TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE

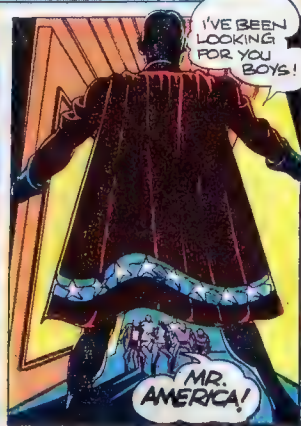
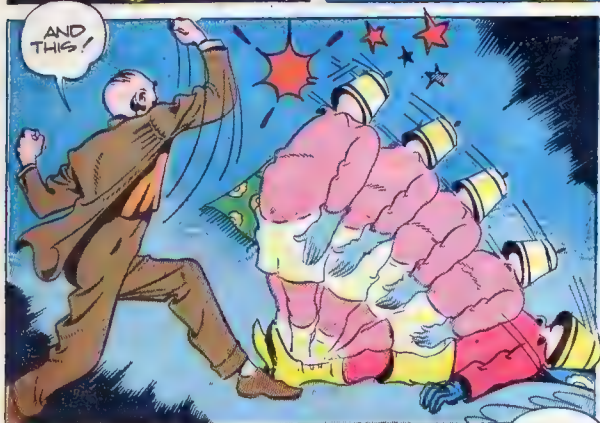


NO ONE? BUT THERE IS! HIDDEN BENEATH THE BUILDING IS AN UNDERGROUND LAIR...



ALL GANGDOM IS ASSEMBLED, SOME THRU FEAR, SOME THRU CURIOSITY! WHO IS THIS WOMAN WHO HAS CAUSED COMMON ENEMIES TO BAND TOGETHER TO DO HER BIDDING? IT IS THE **QUEEN BEE**, NEW MISTRESS OF THE UNDERWORLD, AS SHREWD AND DARING AS SHE IS LOVELY...





MR. AMERICA PREPARES TO LASH OUT WITH HIS FISTS AGAIN - THEN STOPS, AS A HAT FALLS OFF, REVEALING...

A WOMAN!

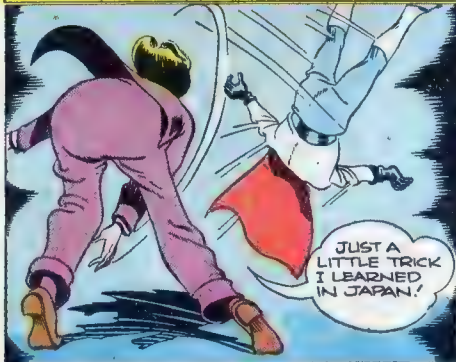
YES! AND YOU SEEM TO HAVE DONE A PRETTY GOOD JOB ON MY FRIENDS!

FRIENDS? THEY KILLED A MAN TONITE, AND THEY'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT!

KILLED? THESE BOYS--WHY THAT COULDN'T BE! BUT IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THEY SHALL BE PUNISHED! THE QUEEN BEE PROMISES IT! AND HERE'S MY HAND ON IT!



PUZZLED, MR. AMERICA TAKES THE GIRL'S HAND! THE NEXT INSTANT, WITH A TWIST OF HER MUSCULAR WRISTS...



JUST A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED IN JAPAN!

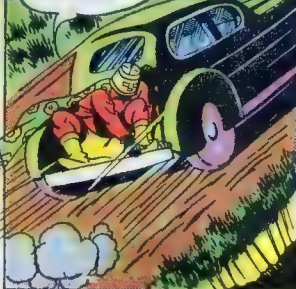
HE CRASHES STUNNED, INTO A WALL...



HASTILY, THE THUGS PILE INTO A CAR, FOLLOWING THE STRANGE VEHICLE OF THE QUEEN BEE.



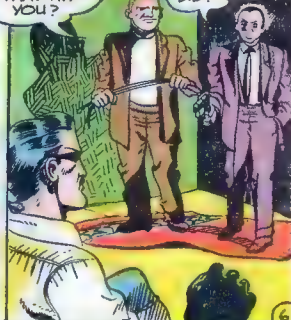
A MAN MAY BE DOWN BUT NEVER OUT! I'LL FRUSTRATE THEM YET! I'M SURE MR. AMERICA CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!



BACK IN THE HIDEAWAY, MR. AMERICA'S SENSES CLEAR AND HE FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER.

HEY! BETCHA DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT YOU?

NO MORE! THAT GUN WE RAN DOWN DID!



TAUNTINGLY,
THE CROOKS
MOCK
MR.
AMERICA,
TRYING TO
FORCE HIM
TO MAKE
A MOVE
THAT WILL
MEAN HIS
DEATH..

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH
WITHOUT YOUR WHIP, ARE
YA, CHUM?

TOO BAD
WE DIDN'T
KILN YOU OVER
WITH THE OLD
GEEZER!
THEN WE'D
BEAT THE ARMORED
VAULT!

SLOWLY, MR. AMERICA'S HAND
STEALS TOWARD THE BUTTON
ON HIS SASH...

CONTACT!

INSTANTLY THE CLOW
RISES--HEADING
STRAIGHT TOWARD THE
CEILING...

HEY!
STOP
IT!

WE'RE
GOING
UP!

CRASH!

UGH!

NOW TO
FIND THE
QUEEN BEE!
AND THERE'S
NO TIME TO
LOSE!

AND INDEED THERE ISN'T...FOR,
AT THE ARMORED VAULT, THE QUEEN
BEE IS MAKING A HONEYED PATH
FOR HER GANGSTERS...

YOU MUST HAVE
THE WRONG
PLACE, MISS!
THIS IS NO
BANK!

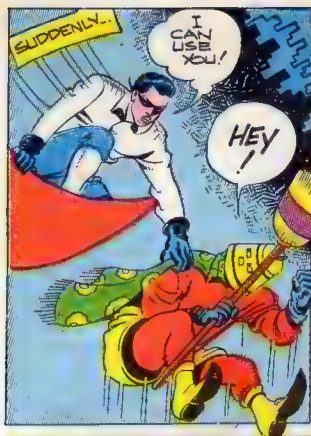
HOW STUPID
OF ME! LOOK!
THIS IS THE
ADDRESS
I HAVE!

THE GUARD BENDS OVER TO
EXAMINE THE CARD AND...

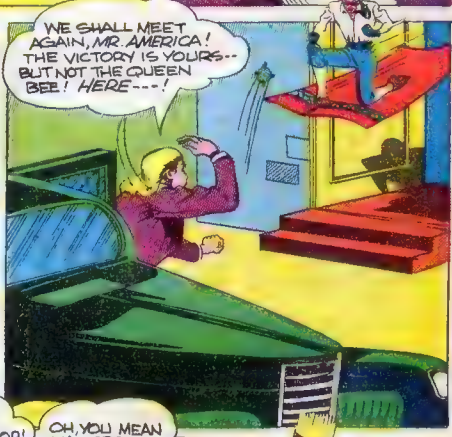
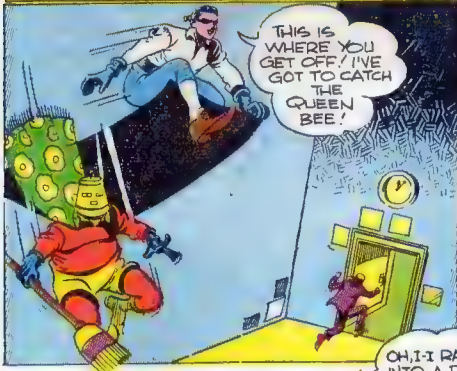
COME ON,
BOYS! WE CAN
GET THAT
RADIUM
NOW!

AS THE CROOKS RUSH INTO THE
BUILDING, THEY FAIL TO SEE

NOW TO
CLEAN UP
THIS
GANG!



BUT THE FIGHT IS HOPELESS... REALIZING THAT THE OTHER WATCHMEN WILL ARRIVE AT ANY MOMENT, THE QUEEN BEE RUSHES FOR THE DOOR



THE OBJECT HURLED AT MR. AMERICA BURSTS INTO SMOKE, AND WHEN IT CLEARS...



Missing Masterpiece

by Sidney Drew

THAT night the guns of the invader sounded closer and the people who had remained looked meaningfully at each other. And in every mind was the thought: "We had better leave now, follow the others who have been going all day."

Tense and grim were the faces of these simple people, even unto the youngest of them, who knew not what was actually happening, but in that occult way children have, knew it was something to be feared.

In the town museum, straining his ears over the stairwell, Peter Projak listened as his father and mother discussed the situation. Projak was curator of the local art gallery, and a very fine art gallery it was, too, with a genuine Raphael painting in it.

Outside, the guns roared. The long line of people with tired faces rolled on unceasingly, like a sea wave, unable to stop, propelled by some power not of their own.

Back in the house, Projak's voice drifted wearily up to his son. "I guess you are right, Mother, I dare not hide the Raphael. The enemy knows it is here. And we have no right to jeopardize my life." With a tired voice he added: "Come now, rouse young Peter, we must be going."

Swiftly, Peter darted back into bed as his mother's heavy footfalls sounded on the stairs. Poor papa, how much that Raphael meant to him. It was the prize of the museum. And now the enemy would take it, and sell it for bullets with which to kill people.

Peter gritted his teeth, and his little fists were clenched. If only he were a man, he'd show them—

They didn't take long to dress. Peter helped with the packing and, the last to leave, he lugged out a huge piece of

canvas.

"And what," his father asked, "does my Peter intend to do with this?"

Peter's eyes were solemn. "It is my Boy Scout tent, father. Surely, with rainy weather almost upon us, we will need a place to sleep."

Frau Projak hugged her son. "The boy is right, my husband, and so thoughtful." For a moment her eyes shone. "You will see, when Peter grows up, he will become a very smart man."

In just a few moments, they had lost their identities in the long line of tired people trudging from the sound of guns, away, away, always away.

That night it rained. Hard and furious lashed the deluge from the skies. And comfortable inside the tent were the Projaks, silent after their supper of bread and cheese and water. Projak stared moodily at the rain, and both Peter and his mother knew he was thinking of his lost museum. It was only when excited voices burst all around the tent, that Projak looked up.

There stood an enemy officer! Behind him, faces impassive and guns bristling, were soldiers of the foe. "Sol!" the officer said. "We have caught up with you, Herr Projak. What have you done with the Raphael?" His hands pulled the unfortunate man to his feet. "Answer me!"

"I do not have it," Peter's father protested. "I left it, knowing you would seek me out." His face was ashen. "You mean, it is not there?"

The soldiers, busied themselves searching about the tent. "It was cut from the frame," the officer said. "And you had better have it around you." He barked a command at the searching soldiers. One of them reported. "It is not here, sir."

"Nein?" the officer roared. "Then we shall beat its hiding place from this traitor." He raised his heavy gun. Peter's father cowered. The boy rushed over, just as another officer appeared in the tent flap.

"Stop!" he ordered. "This man is innocent."

The first officer lowered the gun. Rapidly, the newcomer spoke in his native tongue and, to Peter's surprise, the troops suddenly withdrew.

Peter's mother rushed to her husband. "They did not hurt you?"

Projak shook his head. "No," he said. "But I cannot understand this. The second officer, he said the missing Raphael was stolen by one of his own soldiers. He is sure of it, he said, because clearly discernible were the marks of an enemy bayonet which cut the picture from the frame. Peter, why do you laugh?" He looked across at his smiling son.

"Don't you remember, father," Peter said, "the trophy you gave me from the last war, when you were fighting the same enemy?"

Frowns filled his father's brow. "The bayonet?" he asked. Then, excited: "Peter, it was you who took the Raphael?"

Peter's eyes danced as his pocket knife picked at the side of the tent. His father watched him intently. A gasp of surprise came from him as he saw paint marks on the flap Peter turned over. "The Raphael?"

"Yes, father," Peter said. "I sewed it, reversed of course, to the canvas of the tent! I was determined the enemy should not have it. Now we shall carry it safely across the border!"

There was pride in Frau Projak's voice as she gathered Peter in her arms. "Did I not say," she said happily to her husband, "that some day we would have a very smart man?"

DEAD OR ALIVE

by Wilton
Weston

KILLER MANON'S body was lying, face down, near the big oak tree. The two G-men, looking at him, figured he had been dead about twenty-four hours. Near the body was a Winchester carbine. One of the G-men said:

"I never thought we'd take him this way."

The other said: "We trail him for three months, get a lead he's hiding around here, and today we find him. Just look at that jaw."

They both looked at the lower jaw, which was almost shot away. The bullet had gone right through into Manon's brain.

"It's a funny thing that Manon, who was always so sure of himself with guns, should have met his death accidentally. He must have tripped. Well, let's get the body into town."

The other laughed, pointed to a squirrel, who was peering timidly out from some scrub. "The end of a killer," he said, "and the only witness was probably that squirrel."

* * *

The squirrel blinked as the men picked up the body. Suddenly, he broke out with a loud chattering as one of the men picked up the gun. "Listen to him," he said, "that nutty squirrel knows this is a gun."

The squirrel did know. For twenty-four hours he had known what a gun was for. And until he had met killer Manon the day before he had never feared guns.

He was a friendly squirrel, so friendly that his intuition failed to warn him when the gaunt, bearded stranger with the rifle crawled out of the cave near the oak tree in which he had been hiding.

The stranger was Killer Manon. And as hungry as he was murderous. For two days he had no food as he kept one jump ahead of the G-men. And for another day he had watched the squirrel, wondering whether to risk a shot.

Finally, hunger, the most terrible oppressor of all had driven him to using the stolen rifle. The squirrel would give him strength. Thoughts of food were driving him mad.

His hands trembled as he sighted the gun. The squirrel started to climb the tree leisurely.

Crack! Manon almost cried out for joy as the little body slid from the tree, dropped at its base. Manon placed the gun alongside the tree trunk, and with shaking fingers reached for the small, inert body.

* * *

Suddenly, there was a stir. The squirrel slipped from his grasp, chattering excitedly. Tiny sharp paws went up the gun stock as Manon lunged for the elusive creature. His jaw was directly over the muzzle of the gun as the squirrel's feet touched the trigger.

Killer Manon slumped to the ground. Still chattering excitedly, the squirrel gained his refuge and peered out at the figure on the ground. He blinked once, then fled inside the tree trunk to guard his store of nuts from thieves such as the man with the gun. It was a rich store and, though the squirrel didn't know it, he was the richest squirrel in the woods. Because the same Government that sometimes protected squirrels had placed a \$5,000 price on the head of Killer Manon, dead or alive!

The End

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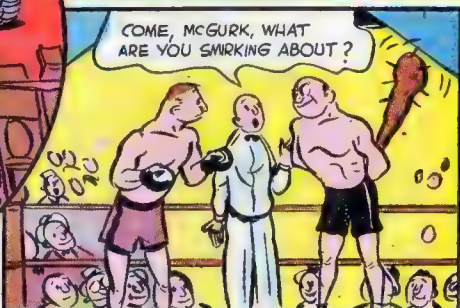
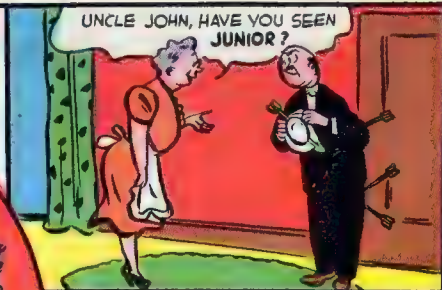
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JOKES

by

HENRY
GOLTHOFF



WHAT A CAST!

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and THE GREEN ARROW

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THRILLING ADVENTURE
AFTER ANOTHER
IN EVERY
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JOINS ALL YOUR
OLD FAVORITES

IN THE **NOVEMBER** ISSUE OF

**PRIZE
COMICS**

DON'T MISS IT!

CONGO BILL

by FRAY



BLAZING A PATH THROUGH MILES OF TREACHEROUS JUNGLE-LAND ON HIS WAY TO THE COAST, CONGO BILL SIGNALS HIS SAFARI TO HALT.

SHEILA! PROFESSOR KENT! LOOK! A WHITE MAN BEING BURIED ALIVE!



NO, NO, DON'T KILL ME THIS WAY - PLEASE!



BILL TAKES CAREFUL AIM - AND FIRES!

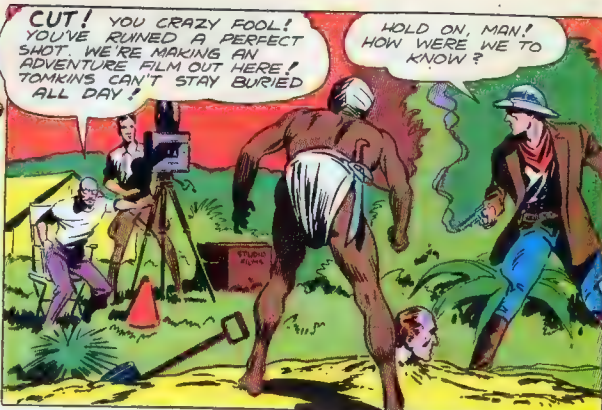


THE BULLET SPEEDS TRUE
TO ITS MARK ...



CUT! YOU CRAZY FOOL!
YOU'VE RUINED A PERFECT
SHOT. WE'RE MAKING AN
ADVENTURE FILM OUT HERE!
TOMKINS CAN'T STAY BURIED
ALL DAY!

HOLD ON, MAN!
HOW WERE WE TO
KNOW?



SORRY I BLEW UP - BUT
WE'VE BEEN HAVING ALL
SORTS OF TROUBLE. ONE
ACTOR DIED MYSTERIOUSLY
AND OUR GIRL STAR IS DOWN
WITH FEVER BY THE WAY.
MY NAME IS HUGO VON ELLER.

MY NAME
IS CONGO
BILL. MY
FRIENDS - MISS
SHEILA WANLEN
AND PROFESSOR
JAMES KENT.

THIS PICTURE
HAS BEEN JINKED
FROM THE START.
NOW, UNLESS OUR
HEROINE RECOVERS,
THE ENTIRE FILM
WILL HAVE TO BE
REMADE.

TROUBLE HAS
CERTAINLY BEEN
DOGGING YOU.
SAY, WHY NOT LET
SHEILA PINCH-HIT
FOR YOUR SICK
ACTRESS?

AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



L
A
T
E
R
MAY I
TROUBLE
YOU FOR
AN AUTOGRAPH,
MISS WANLEN?

STOP IT,
BILL. DON'T
FORGET.
THIS WAS
YOUR
SUGGESTION.

THIS SCENE CALLS
FOR A LITTLE COURAGE,
SHEILA. TOMKINS WILL
RELEASE THE LION; YOU
FIRE YOUR BLANKS. HE'S
TRAINED AND THE NOISE
WILL SEND HIM BACK TO
HIS CAGE.

I'LL DO MY
BEST.

COUNT FIVE, THEN
SHOOT, SHEILA!



SHEILA SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER — BUT THERE IS ONLY A FAINT CLICK!



BILL, SIZING UP THE SITUATION, GOES INTO ACTION!



THE LION FALLS DEAD!



DO YOU REALIZE THAT SHEILA MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED?



YES, IT'S HORRIBLE! SOMEONE TOOK THE SHELLS FROM THAT GUN!

SOMEONE WANTS TO KILL US ALL — ONE BY ONE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH, I TELL YOU. I'M THROUGH!



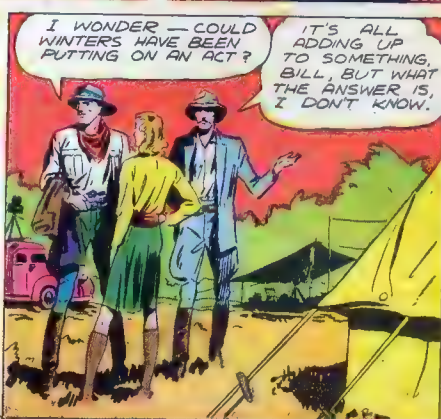
SNAP OUT OF IT, WINTERS! WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL US?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M AFRAID, MAN — AFRAID!



I WONDER — COULD WINTERS HAVE BEEN PUTTING ON AN ACT?

IT'S ALL ADDING UP TO SOMETHING, BILL, BUT WHAT THE ANSWER IS, I DON'T KNOW.



THAT EVENING—AND THE PARTY SIGHS A STRANGE PROCESSION ADVANCING TOWARD THEM.

THOSE NATIVES ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH. I WONDER IF THEY MEAN TROUBLE?

THEY DON'T LOOK ANY TOO FRIENDLY.



THEY'RE ATTACKING! LET'S WIPE THEM OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

NO, DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE FAR OUTNUMBERED. I HAVE A BETTER IDEA—



BILL RACES FOR VON ELLER'S TENT



INSIDE THE TENT, BILL BUSIES HIMSELF WITH CANS OF MOVIE FILM—LOADS A REEL INTO THE PROJECTION MACHINE.

A FREE SHOW—BUT NO BANK NIGHT!



LOOK! BILL'S FLASHING PICTURES OF A BUFFALO STAMPEDE ON THE WALL OF THAT TENT!



THE ATTACKING NATIVES LOOK AT THE MOTION PICTURES IN AMAZEMENT—THEN FLEE IN TERROR!



FAST THINKING, BILL, USING THAT STAMPEDE SCENE TO SCARE THE NATIVES. BUT THEY ARE A PEACEFUL TRIBE. WHY SHOULD THEY WANT TO ATTACK US?

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE MYSTERY AROUND HERE, VON ELLER. CAN I TAKE A LOOK AT THE SCRIPT FOR YOUR PICTURE?



FOR TWO HOURS, BILL STUDIES THE SCRIPT OF VON ELLER'S PICTURE, "JUNGLE JUSTICE."

THIS DYNAMITE SCENE MAY BE THE KEY TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE. I'LL INVESTIGATE.



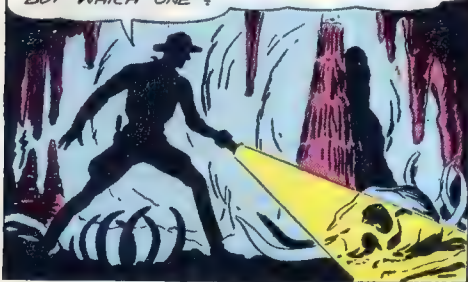
WHEN DO YOU PLAN TO SHOOT THIS DYNAMITE SCENE?

TOMORROW. IT'S THE CLIMAX OF THE PICTURE. TOMKINS IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE CAVE, HIDING OUT. HE BLOWS HIMSELF TO BITS RATHER THAN SURRENDER.



ALONE, BILL EXPLORES THE CAVE THAT IS TO BE BLOWN UP.

THE SKELETONS OF ELEPHANTS - PUT HERE BY THOSE NATIVES WHO REGARD THE ELEPHANT AS SACRED! NOW I KNOW WHY ONE OF THE MEN HERE IS A KILLER! BUT WHICH ONE?



NEXT MORNING...

YOU WERE RIGHT, WINTERS. THERE IS A COLD KILLER BEHIND ALL THIS AND WE'LL SOON KNOW WHO HE IS. HE DROPPED AN IMPORTANT CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY!

WHAT KIND OF A CLUE?



I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO EXAMINE IT FOR FINGERPRINTS YET. IT'S ON THE TABLE IN MY TENT.



HAVING BAITED HIS TRAP, BILL SLIPS AWAY TO HIS TENT...

HERE HE COMES! MY PLAN WORKED!



A GUN - WHAT KIND OF A CLUE IS THAT?



THE GAME IS UP, TOMKINS!
YOU FELL FOR MY LITTLE
BLUFF BECAUSE YOUR
GUILTY CONSCIENCE MADE
YOU THINK YOU HAD
LEFT A CLUE!

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL
SHOOT YOU — WITH
YOUR OWN GUN!



NO BULLETS IN
THAT GUN —
A TRICK I
LEARNED FROM
YOU!

SMART,
AREN'T
YOU?
WELL,
TRY TO
TAKE ME!



TOMKINS BOLTS OUT OF
THE TENT AND HEADS FOR
THE CAVE!



TOMKINS HAS HIDDEN A POWERFUL ELEPHANT GUN
INSIDE THE CAVE. NOW HE TRAINS HIS WEAPON UPON
CONGO BILL — AND FIRES!



WHEN! THAT
WAS ALMOST
A HOLE IN
ONE!



INSIDE THE CAVE TOMKINS
MAKES A FATAL SLIP —
AND THE DYNAMITE, PLANTED
THERE EARLIER, GOES
OFF WITH TERRIBLE FORCE!



IRONIC — TOMKINS
BLOWING HIMSELF
UP JUST AS
THE SCRIPT
CALLED FOR!
WELL, THIS
CASE IS OVER!

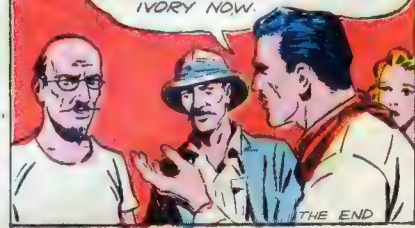


L
A
T
E
R

BUT, BILL,
WHAT WAS
TOMKINS'
MOTIVE?

GREED. THE NATIVES
USED THAT CAVE AS A
BURIAL PLACE FOR THEIR
SACRED ELEPHANTS.

TOMKINS WANTED THE IVORY
TUSKS FOR HIMSELF. HE TRIED
TO DISCOURAGE YOU FROM FINISH-
ING THE PICTURE SO THE CAVE
WOULDN'T BE DYNAMITED, BUT
I'M AFRAID NEITHER TOMKINS NOR
ANYONE ELSE WILL GET THAT
IVORY NOW.



THE END

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor
Children's Book Committee
Child Study Association of America

BLACK FIRE.

BY COVELLE NEWCOMB.
LONGMAN'S GREEN. \$2.50

From slave boy to King! That is the true story of Henri Christophe, who from his earliest childhood, as he watched the slave master beat his black mother, vowed to free the slaves and to avenge the white master's cruelty.

Taken from his Mother at the age of eight and sold, first to a ship's captain and then as stable boy and waiter to a hotel master in Haiti, Henri watched silently for his opportunity. When the first bloody revolt of

the blacks failed, he bided his time, for he knew that another chance would come. And when it did, it would find him ready.

Then came Napoleon and war with Spain.

Henri was a fine soldier, soon a general, and then—the crown he had been dreaming of—a King. He ruled his large, thriving domain ruthlessly but well. But the same spirit of freedom which had driven him upward to victory, drove him to his ruin as the people rose to demand their independence.

If you would like to read this book you will find it at your library.

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NOVEMBER ISSUE
ON SALE
OCT. 1st

DIFFERENT!

IMAGINE ONE OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE Battling MODERN EVIL-DOERS WITH LANCE AND MAGIC SWORD AS HE PLUMMETS FROM THE SKY ON HIS WINGED STEED!

THAT'S
THE SHINING KNIGHT!

PLUS THAT DYNAMIC FIGURE

STARMAN

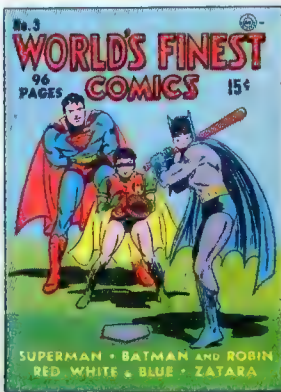
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ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY
JOSEPH
SULMAN

THE MASTER MAGICIAN
WAGES A WAR OF WILLS AGAINST
A DESPERADO WHO CAN CONTROL
THE MINDS OF MEN--AND PROVES
THAT WHEN THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY TO SMASH CRIME!



ALONG
A MAIN
STREET
IN A SMALL
EASTERN
CITY--

THE TIGRESS, MY OLD FRIENDLY
ENEMY, WITH A FINE EXAMPLE
OF CRIMINAL HUMANITY, FROSTY PARKE?

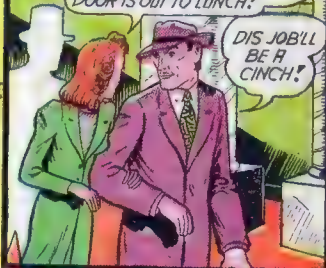
HMM, I'D BETTER TRAIL THEM
TO SEE THAT THEY
DON'T RUN
INTO ANY
MISCHIEF!

CASTING
HIS CLOAK OF
INVISIBILITY
ABOUT HIMSELF,
THE
MAGICIAN
ACCOMPANIES
HIS
"FRIENDS"
INTO A BANK--



THE GUARD WHO USUALLY
STAYS OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S
DOOR IS OUT TO LUNCH?

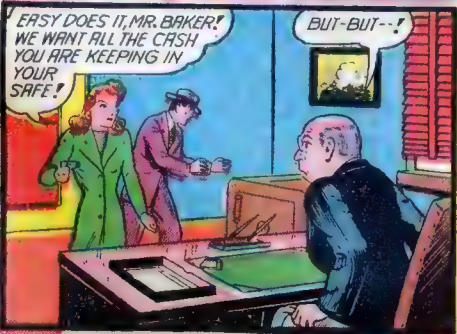
DIS JOB'LL
BE A
CINCH!



EASY DOES IT, MR. BAKER!
WE WANT ALL THE CASH
YOU ARE KEEPING IN
YOUR SAFE!

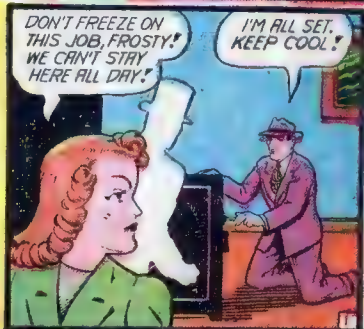
BUT--BUT--!

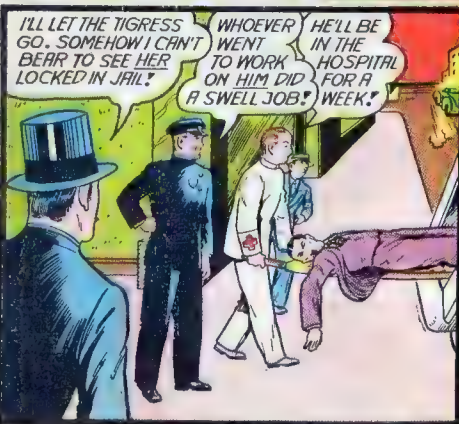
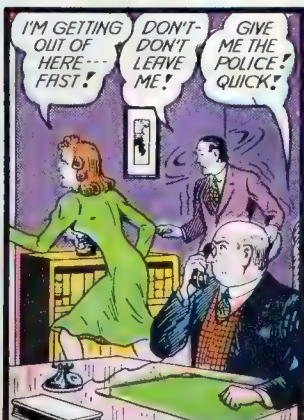
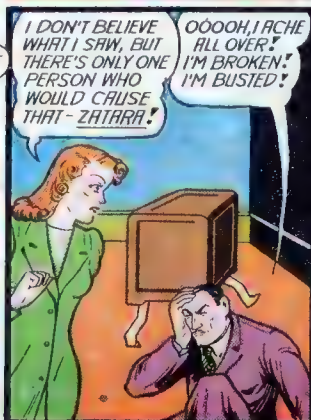
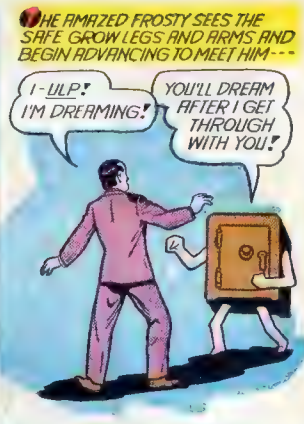
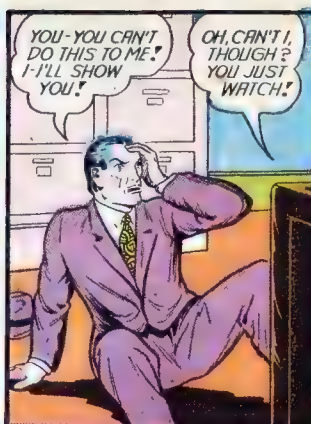
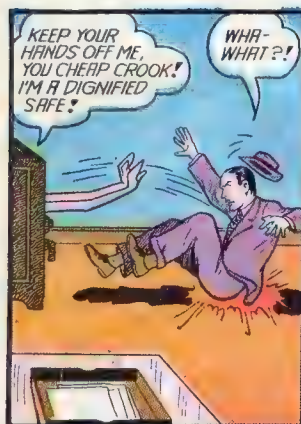
ZATARA
COMES UP
SILENTLY
BEHIND
THEM--



DON'T FREEZE ON
THIS JOB, FROSTY!
WE CAN'T STAY
HERE ALL DAY!

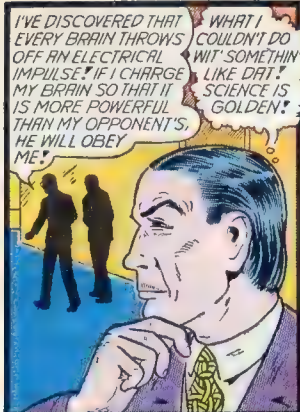
I'M ALL SET,
KEEP COOL!





AND SO FROSTY IS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE HE LIES FOR SEVERAL DAYS, RECEIVING THE BEST OF CARE. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON HE HEARS TWO DOCTORS TALKING...





I'VE DISCOVERED THAT EVERY BRAIN THROWS OFF AN ELECTRICAL IMPULSE! IF I CHARGE MY BRAIN SO THAT IT IS MORE POWERFUL THAN MY OPPONENT'S, HE WILL OBEY ME!

WHAT I COULDN'T DO WIT' SOMETHIN' LIKE DAT! SCIENCE IS GOLDEN!

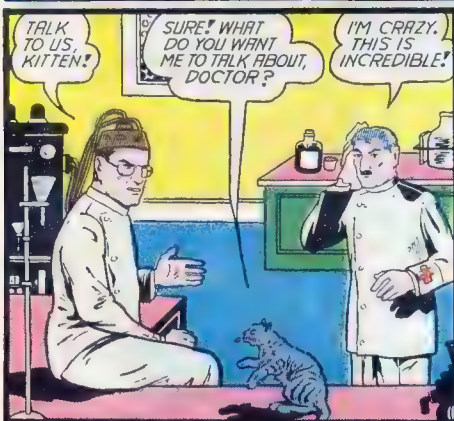


WATCH THAT KITTEN AS I BEGIN TO ORDER IT AROUND!

KITTEN, STAND ON YOUR HEAD!



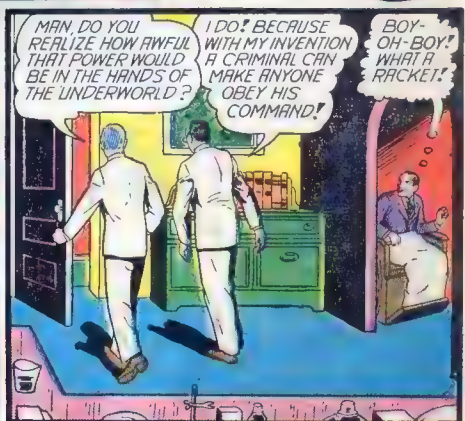
WELL! WELL!
I-THIS IS FANTASTIC!



TALK TO US, KITTEN!

SURE! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT, DOCTOR?

I'M CRAZY. THIS IS INCREDIBLE!



MAN, DO YOU REALIZE HOW AWFUL THAT POWER WOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF THE UNDERWORLD?

I DO! BECAUSE WITH MY INVENTION A CRIMINAL CAN MAKE ANYONE OBEY HIS COMMAND!

BOY-OH-BOY! WHAT A RACKET!



THERE! KITTEN, SAY SOMETHING!

I'LL SAY SOMETHING, YOU BIG APE! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT? SUPPOSE I CALL FOR HELP? THEN WHAT'LL YOU DO?



AH, I OUGHTA CLUFF YOUSE ONE! GET FRESH WIT' ME, WILL YER?

HELP, SOME-BODY!

HE CRIES OF THE KITTEN FRIGHTEN FROSTY AND HE RETREATS, FORGETTING THAT HE IS STILL WEARING THE METAL CHARGING CAP...



I BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE-- OWWW!

**POWERFUL ELECTRICAL WAVES
FLOW THROUGH THE CRIMINAL'S
BRAIN, CHARGING HIS MIND.**

**I'M BEING KILLED!
OWW! OWW!
OOOHH!**



**WOW, DAT WAS SOMETHIN'!
BARRR! BUT I FEEL SWELL-
I NEVER FELT BETTER!
I FEEL LIKE I GOT A LOT
OF POWER IN ME!**



**DAT ELECTRICITY
SORT OF CURED ME!
GOLLY, I FEEL GREAT!
GUESS I'LL
CHECK OUT NOW.**



**BY ACCIDENT, FROSTY DISCOVERS THAT HE NOW HAS
THE POWER TO MAKE PEOPLE OBEY HIM, BECAUSE HIS
BRAIN IS HIGHLY CHARGED. EVERY WISH IS HIS COMMAND.**

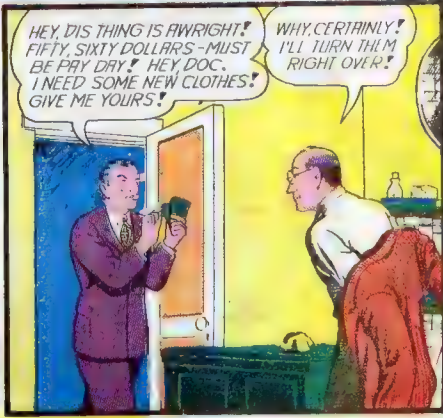
**I'M LEAVING.
I AIN'T GOT NO
MONEY!
COULD
YOU--**

**OF COURSE YOU CAN GO!
MONEY? HERE-
HELP YOURSELF!**



**HEY, DIS THING IS AWRIGHT!
FIFTY, SIXTY DOLLARS- MUST
BE PAY DAY! HEY, DOC,
I NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES!
GIVE ME YOURS!**

**WHY, CERTAINLY!
I'LL TURN TH'N
RIGHT OVER!**



**I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
MADE ME
DO THAT- BUT
SOMETHING
DID!**

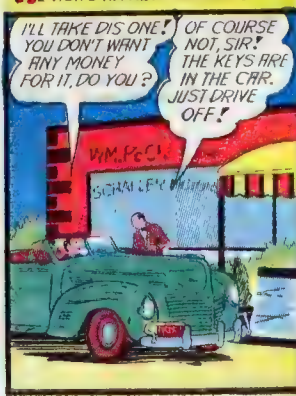
**DIS IS DA LIFE!
I'M REALLY GETTIN'
EVERYTHING
FER NOTHIN',
NOW!**



HE VISITS AN AUTO DEALER'S--

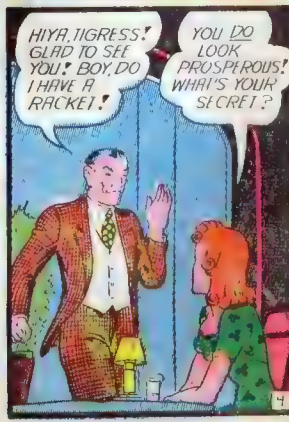
**I'LL TAKE DIS ONE!
YOU DON'T WANT
ANY MONEY
FOR IT, DO YOU?**

**OF COURSE
NOT, SIR!
THE KEYS ARE
IN THE CAR.
JUST DRIVE
OFF!**



**HIYA, TIGRESS!
GLAD TO SEE
YOU! BOY, DO
I HAVE A
RACKET!**

**YOU DO
LOOK
PROSPEROUS!
WHAT'S YOUR
SECRET?**





HMM. FROSTY AND THE TIGRESS AGAIN. LOOKS AS THOUGH FROSTY IS TELLING HER SOMETHING MIGHTY INTERESTING.



-SO ALL I GOTTA DO IS TELL SOMEBODY TO DO SOMETHING AND THEY DO IT!

IT'S UNCANNY! LET'S DROP INTO A BANK AND SEE HOW IT WORKS.



THE MAGICIAN SEES NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY AS HE TRAILS THEM INTO THE BANK...

HMM. FROSTY MUST BE VERY WEALTHY! THAT TELLER IS GIVING HIM MONEY. HE MUST HAVE A CHECKING ACCOUNT HERE.



HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? "AUTO DEALER AND BANK TELLER TELL STRANGE TALE OF MIND CONTROL."

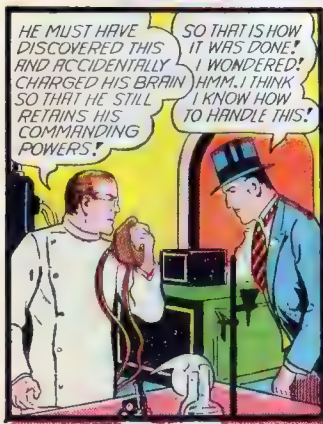
HMM. THIS SOUNDS LIKE FROSTY'S IN BACK OF IT!

TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE MAGICIAN'S HOTEL ROOMS...



I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, DOCTOR, BUT I'M ON THE TRAIL OF A MAN WHO IS A MENACE TO SOCIETY-FROSTY PARKE. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE BANK AND THIS HOSPITAL HE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE OTHERS OBEY HIM!

WHA-AT! IT-IT CAN'T BE!



HE MUST HAVE DISCOVERED THIS AND ACCIDENTALLY CHARGED HIS BRAIN SO THAT HE STILL RETAINS HIS COMMANDING POWERS!

SO THAT IS HOW IT WAS DONE! WONDERED! HMM. I THINK I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS!

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES AT A FLAGSTONE.



KLAW EKAT EM OT MIH!

IT RISES SWIFTLY INTO THE AIR...



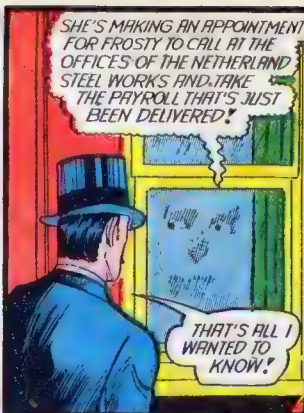
HEY, LOOK!!

MUST BE AN AD FOR A CIRCUS!

IF IT IS I'M GOIN' TO SEE IT!

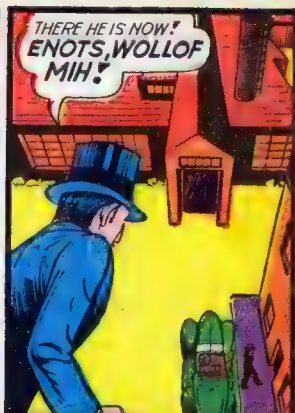


THE TIGRESS INSIDE -
AND PHONING!
SSALG KRAEPS!



SHE'S MAKING AN APPOINTMENT
FOR FROSTY TO CALL AT THE
OFFICES OF THE NETHERLAND
STEEL WORKS AND TAKE
THE PAYROLL THAT'S JUST
BEEN DELIVERED!

THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO
KNOW!

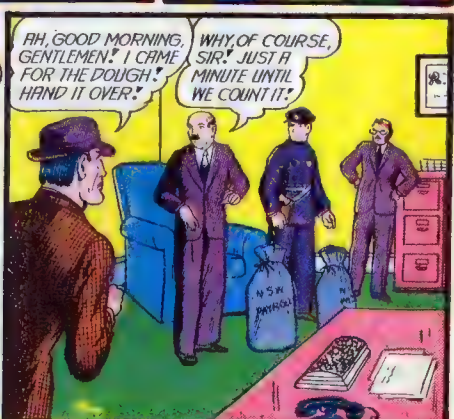


THERE HE IS NOW!
**ENOTS, WOLLOF
MIH!**

TOTALLY INVISIBLE, THE MAGICIAN AND HIS
FLYING FLAGSTONE PURSUE FROSTY...



I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING
I'M BEING FOLLOWED,
BUT I DON'T
SEE NOBODY!



AH, GOOD MORNING.
GENTLEMEN? I CAME
FOR THE DOUGH!

WHY, OF COURSE,
SIR! JUST A
MINUTE UNTIL
WE COUNT IT!



JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE
IT'S ALL HERE...



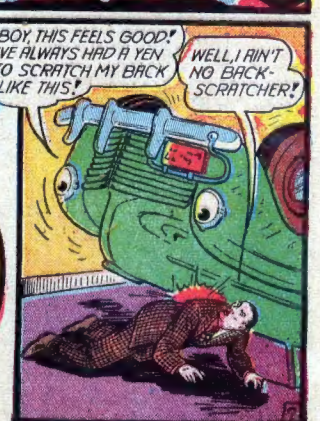
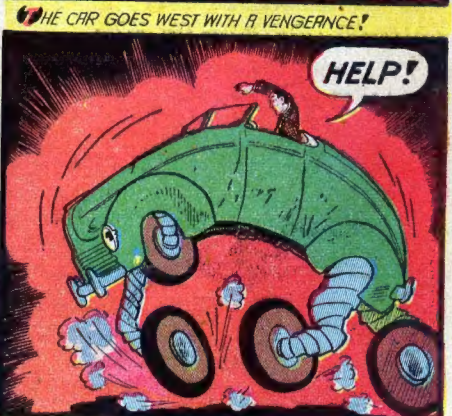
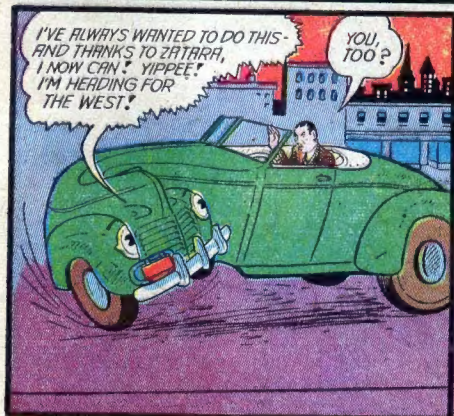
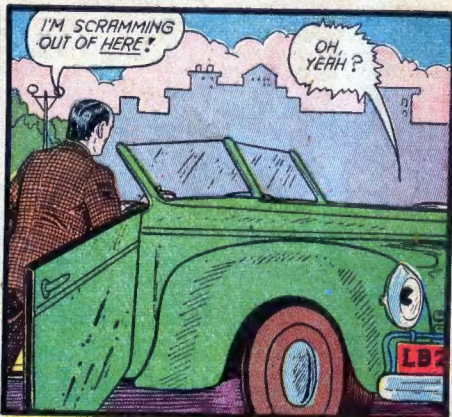
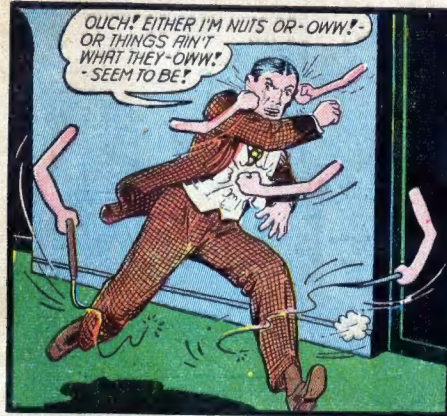
THE MONEY BAG SUDDENLY
DEVELOPS PINCHING CLAWS!

OUCH!
OW!
OOOOH!



NOW
GET OUT
OF HERE!

OUCH!
ALL RIGHT -
OWWWW!





NO FROSTY'S WILD EYES, THE CAR SEEMS TO SPLIT APART—



ALTHOUGH ZATARA'S MIND IS VERY POWERFUL, FROSTY PARKE'S ELECTRICALLY CHARGED BRAIN IS MORE DOMINATING...



"I'D DISOBEY YOU IF I HAD THE POWER!"

"YOU BET YOU DO! GO ON—JUMP OFF!"



"I CAN'T FIGHT THIS OFF! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, BUT I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER MY BODY!"

THE GREAT MAGICIAN WALKS TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF AND—JUMPS!



"OH!!!"



"I CAN'T WATCH! ZATARA HAS ALWAYS BEATEN ME AT MY CRIMES, BUT HE'S BEEN A FAIR ENEMY!"

"OH!!!"



"DON'T WORRY, TIGRESS. I'M STILL ALIVE!"

"THEN—THEN YOU WERE ONLY PRETENDING?"



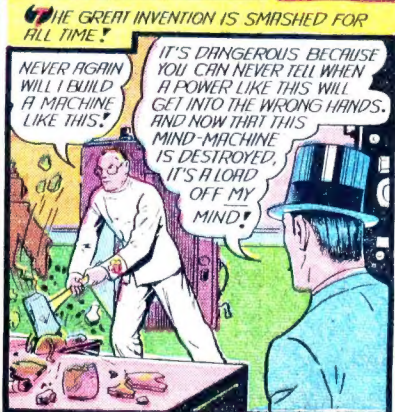
"THE ELECTRICAL CHARGING OF FROSTY'S BRAIN WORE OUT, JUST AS A BATTERY FAILS WITHOUT RECHARGING! IT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE I LANDED AND I WAS ABLE TO SAVE MYSELF BY MY POWERS OF LEVITATION!"



"IF YOU BOTH GIVE UP YOUR ILL-GOTTEN GOODS AND PROMISE TO LEAVE TOWN, NO CHARGES WILL BE MADE AGAINST YOU!"

"WE WILL!"

"THANKS! I DON'T WANT TO MIX WITH YOU NO MORE—NOW THAT PEOPLE DON'T OBEY ME!"



THE GREAT INVENTION IS SMASHED FOR ALL TIME!

"NEVER AGAIN WILL I BUILD A MACHINE LIKE THIS!"

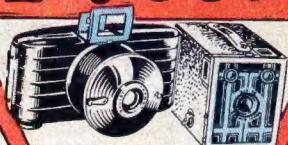
"IT'S DANGEROUS BECAUSE YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHEN A POWER LIKE THIS WILL GET INTO THE WRONG HANDS. AND NOW THAT THIS MIND-MACHINE IS DESTROYED, IT'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND!"

THE END.

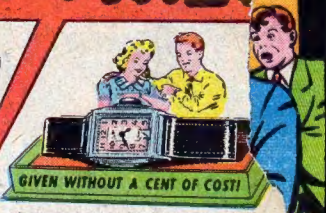
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Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-
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HEY FELLOWS!

Get Daisy's swell **RED**

RYDER CARBINE.

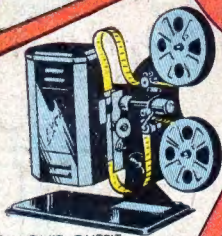
A lightning-load-

ing, fast-shooting,

1000 shot Air Rifle. A real
he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also
given.



FITTED OVERNIGHT CASE
A compact handbag with
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Sell one order. Show movies at home.
Film **FREE.**

**GENE AUTRY
TWO-GUN
HOLSTER SET**



You can be a "Two-
Gun Cowboy" with this
fine set. Gene
Autry friendship ring **FREE.**

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Any prize shown above and dozens of others in
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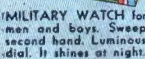
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second hand. Luminous
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Fast-moving Army Train, with
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